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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910.

The Week.

The Government's report on the country's foreign trade in February shows that imports of merchandise, last month, ran $4,300,000 above exports. The reason why interest attaches to such an excess of imports is that nothing of the sort has been witnessed at this time of year since 1895. Within that fifteen-year period, the month of February has presented an unbroken series of "export balances," rising as high as $50,000,000 in February, 1900, and $83,000,000 in February, 1908. This change in relation of exports and imports is not an accident of a single month. When imports ran beyond exports last June, the occurrence was noted as the first import excess of any month in thirteen years. July and August repeated the showing; even when the heavy export movement of produce began in the autumn, the excess of exports was extremely meagre, as compared with other recent years. For the full eight-month period from the middle of last year to the beginning of this month, exports ran $189,000,000 above imports, as compared with $341,000,000 a year ago. The excess of exports was, in fact, nearly $100,000,000 short of that reported for the similar period in any other year since 1896.

It is not necessary to subscribe to the so-called "mercantile theory" to understand that some important economic influence is at work to have caused such a change. The February figures, which are fairly typical of recent months, show a decrease in the export movement, as compared with other recent years. This is accounted for, first by the deficiency of last year's American cotton crop, but also by the fact that American prices, both for cotton and grain, have been held so high that foreign consumers have largely abandoned our market. To explain this situation, the prevalent theory on the grain exchanges is that consumption in our own country has increased so much faster than production that even an old-time "bumper crop" no longer provides a sufficient export surplus. This is a debatable question; and a time when the practice of holding back grain for higher prices is much in vogue is not the best time to establish principles regarding normal supply and demand. But whatever may be said of the export trade, the facts that last month's imports far surpassed all precedent for the period, that each of the past five months had a similar story to tell, and that our importations since the middle of 1909 have exceeded by $90,000,000 even the hitherto unprecedented total of 1907, cannot easily be explained, except on the basis of prices more or less out of joint with the rest of the producing world. These conditions have some bearing on such other phenomena as the current complaints over cost of living in this country, and the recognized activities of speculation in all American commodity markets.

Mississippi is not only to be congratulated upon the defeat of Vardaman, but upon the high character of his successful rival, Leroy Percy. A lawyer of distinction who has practised for years in the highest courts of his State, he has the universal respect of its citizens. It is true that he has been an attorney of corporations, even of railways, but no one believes that this will in any way interfere with his absolute independence as a United States Senator. In his speech at Greenville, after his return to his home upon his election, Mr. Percy gave evidence of his enlightenment by declaring that it was high time that the era of dissension, of strike breeding, of stirring up antagonisms between the races, should come to an end. In this he stands with Senator Gordon, whose brief service of two months was so satisfactorily wound up by a heartfelt expression of the affection he felt for the negro. While Senator Percy was taking his enlightened stand, Vardaman was announcing his candidacy for the vacancy in 1911, his platform to be white supremacy and the repeal of the "negro amendments to the Constitution." In other words, it is negrophobia—the only reason for his notoriety. Fortunately, there are plenty of signs that this is beginning to nauseate the thinking Mississippians. For instance, Dr. J. P. Moore, a highly respected octogenarian, writes to the Yazoo City *Herald* that "it is time that this old hackneyed negrology as a political asset should cease, in view of the universal knowledge that the negro is not a political factor in Mississippi."

It is with pleasure that we note the appearance of the Secretary of War before the House Committee on Military Affairs in opposition to the reinstatement of the seven cadets dismissed from West Point for the Sutton hazing. We, with others, had been led to believe, from press dispatches, that he favored their restoration, as well as that of a group of cadets dismissed before the seven. He has now endorsed the position of Col. Scott, the superintendent of the Military Academy, and this has made it impossible for Congress to put the disgraced cadets back. We regret, however, that at the same time Mr. Dickinson reaffirmed his opinion that there should be varying punishments for the various kinds of hazing. Years of experience at West Point have demonstrated that if this great evil is to be stamped out, it can only be by putting the severest punishment upon its every manifestation. Annapolis and West Point are the only places where hazing of this kind has persisted; as we have previously pointed out, it is worse at West Point than in any civilian school, because of the ability of the torturers to over-awe their victims by means of their military authority.

In 1907, the value of property consumed by fire in the United States, excluding forest fires and marine losses, is placed by the United States Geological Survey at $215,084,709. If we add the excess cost of fire protection necessitated by non-fireproof construction, and the amount of premiums over insurance paid, the total fire loss stands at more than $456,000,000, or above half the value of all buildings constructed within the year in this country. Our per capita fire loss in the year cited was $2.51, as against an average of 33 cents for the urban population of the six leading European countries. The remedy that is usually brought forward and one that is insisted upon in the Geological Survey's report consists in improved building methods that shall approximate fireproof

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construction, as an ideal. The principal reason for the great difference between the amount of fire waste in the United States and Europe, says the report, is that there are but few wooden buildings in Europe and practically none in the great cities. And we have authority given on this point, from Trieste, Nice, Lyons, Berlin, and elsewhere. The case is summed up by a quotation from a special consular report:

> In Europe the fire insurance laws are remarkable, chiefly because they compel insurance in some countries, while in all cities they prevent great losses by insisting on the erection of only stone and brick buildings. The fire department systems are ridiculously inadequate as compared with those of American cities, yet the net results are better. French law compels insurance against fire, not only for the benefit of the owner, but for his neighbor.

Within the United States the figures reveal a surprising lack of difference in per capita loss between the city and the country. The Geological Survey's figures show that in 2,976 cities and villages with a population aggregating 34,000,000, the per capita loss was $2.34 in 1907, while the rate for rural districts was $2.49. As a matter of fact, a difference between city and country does show in another set of figures. New England, with New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, an industrial section, having a population of nearly 24,000,000, suffered in 1907 a fire loss of $59,447,000, giving a per capita loss of $2.50. In the same year, eight South Central States, having a population of 16,300,000, predominantly agricultural, suffered a loss of $59,905,000, or $3.66 per head. It is, to say the least, a striking fact that of two sections, the one that is enormously the wealthier should actually suffer a smaller loss than the other.

"There is no principle of law or of political economy," says the brief for the Standard Oil Company, "which requires a manufacturer to give away a profit which he can make by economies in manufacture." Very true; and nobody would object either to the profits obtained by the Standard Oil Company or to the amount of business it was able to do, if these were simply the result of "economies in manufacture," unaided by illegal methods of driving competitors out of business. It is one of the curiosities of argumentation that defenders of Trust methods assert with one breath that the economy of large-scale production is such as to give an insuperable advantage to the giant manufacturing concern, and makes something like monopoly inevitable, and in the next breath ask us not to interfere with methods and practices designed to kill competition because it is best to have monopoly. If the economies of production on a gigantic scale are so tremendously effective, why not trust to the natural gravitation of the business toward that condition? Why kill the doomed man before his time by resort to unfair, corrupt, and abhorrent practices? What assurance can the public have, in any given case, that the competitor would have died a natural death if he hadn't been strangled? And finally, how shall we find out how much of the extra profit made by the big concern that has swallowed the little ones is due to economy and how much to its having got its competitors out of the way?

It is a notable victory that Josephine Preston Peabody has won at Stratford-on-Avon, over more than three hundred competitors, with her play "The Piper." To be hailed the winner in a poetic contest in the birthplace of Shakespeare himself is a distinction of which she, and with her all American womanhood, may well be proud. There is a certain significance in the fact that so striking a work should have to go abroad to find managerial appreciation and the certainty of speedy production. So fine a native dramatic product assuredly ought to have found its first theatrical home in New York city. Its merits, whether it is regarded as a poem or a play, are of a sufficiently rare and obvious sort to attract the attention of even a careless reader. They were described in this journal months ago as appealing equally to youthful sympathies and mature intelligence. But the piece has a spiritual and poetical bloom which in stage representation could be preserved only by the most skilful and delicate treatment, and it is satisfactory, therefore, to know that it is to be played by the company of Mr. F. R. Benson, who has done more for the poetic drama than any other living man. Of course, we shall soon have "The Piper" here, now that its merits have been acknowledged elsewhere.

The principle that the King can do no wrong has been extended by Mr. Balfour to the realm of philology. Hardened as the Unionist leader is to King's Speeches, he was forced to confess that the King's Speech which opened the present Parliament was an amazing piece of English. He spoke of the "ambiguities lurking in that remarkable specimen of our mother tongue," and concerning one passage he doubted whether it had any meaning at all, inasmuch as "it appeared to embody two quite different policies which had no connection whatever except that it had been possible to force them into the framework of one ungrammatical sentence." Mr. Balfour, however, referred to the unkind person who said that the King's Speech is always more stupid than the most stupid man in the Ministry, and wondered whether it could not be said that the grammar of it is sometimes worse than that of the most illiterate man in the Cabinet. But just when Mr. Balfour seemed to have subjected himself to the charge of high treason and the *peine forte et dure*, he recalled that it was the Ministers and not his Majesty that are responsible under the Constitution. Mr. Asquith thus has one more sin to answer for.

Consul-General Griffiths of London has just made a report to the Department of Commerce and Labor on the working of the British Labor Exchanges. He says that on the opening day nearly eighty exchanges were in operation and thousands of applications for work were received. The applicants mainly represented the better class of labor. On the first day of the opening in Nottingham 557 workers and 120 employing firms registered. These were followed on the second day by 580 workers and 87 firms. One of the employers alone applied for sixty skilled hands, and though most of the skilled hands were placed, the registered firms were not able to fill all their vacancies. This fact seems to show that the operation of the law of supply and demand in the labor market is by no means automatic. Resort to the artificial aid of an exchange quickly brought worker and employer together. A labor clearing-house system of some sort would probably prove helpful, wherever intelligently tried. Such was the conviction of Mr. Oscar S. Straus when he was Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor. But we have been

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content to let England make the first move.

"At the close of his examination," we are told in a recent dispatch from Paris, "Duez coolly criticised the lack of supervision and control, which, he said, was responsible for the embezzlement." Everybody must admit that it *was* pretty cool for the man who had stolen something like $2,000,000 out of the funds entrusted to him as one of the liquidators of church property, to put the blame on the fact that he was too completely trusted. But, after all, was not Duez simply applying to his own case the logic of the environment idea that is so current nowadays among kind-hearted persons in reference to the whole subject of criminality? If it is environment, and heredity, and what not, that are to be blamed for nearly all the wrong-doing in the world, if we are going to hold people completely responsible for their conduct only in cases where the conditions are favorable to right conduct, why may not a man complain with just as much reason of conditions being too soft as of their being too hard? Becky Sharp said it was easy to be virtuous on ten thousand a year; Duez says it is easy to be virtuous if you are constantly watched and guarded. There is a deal of truth in what they both say; but if the rules of law and the judgment of society had been based on these notions, not much would have been left of the forces that go to the making of character.

The *Marine Rundschau*, a publication edited in the German Ministry of Marine, recently published an article on the British naval administration, of such ability as to make English authorities admit that the best-informed British expert could have done no better. The point of especial interest to those interested in the American Navy is that the *Rundschau* article condemns the fusion of the naval engineer and the combatant officer as making entirely too high a demand upon the abilities of a single man. We are inclined to think that if this critic were to follow happenings in the United States Navy, he would find much to confirm him in his opinion that a naval officer ought not to be asked to be at once a fighting expert, an engineer, a leader of men, and a master of battle-tactics. There is great dissatisfaction in the Navy Department with engineering conditions at the Mare Island navy-yard. Complaints of unsatisfactory work on certain vessels are rife. The two new and supposedly fast cruisers West Virginia and Maryland were in such bad shape on their recent voyage from Honolulu that they had to be towed to San Francisco. A lieutenant has just been tried for a boiler explosion on the Colorado, which cost two lives. The collapse of a boiler tube on the North Dakota severely scalded four men. A boiler-tube explosion on the Hopkins at San Diego killed one fireman. The New Orleans steamed out of San Francisco for Shanghai, but had to return because of leaking boilers. So runs the chronicle of only three months.

The acquittal on March 9 of Nicholas Tchaikovsky is a splendid vindication of the force of public opinion. Had the sympathy of America and Great Britain been less clearly manifested in behalf of the man who has stirred public feeling in this country as no other political refugee has done since Louis Kossuth, it would have gone hard with him in St. Petersburg. Not that the tribunal which sat in judgment upon Tchaikovsky acted in direct response to pressure from abroad. The behavior of the judge and jury is at the same time a splendid vindication of the character of the Russian people as opposed to the tyrannous and benighted governmental system under which they live. It needed only that governmental coercion should be relaxed, for a Russian civil court to act in accordance with the dictates of enlightened justice. The Czar's Government, having yielded something, might yield a little more, and a pardon should be forthcoming for Catharine Breshkovsky, who stands sentenced to exile in Siberia. It is, no doubt, a great mercy to this woman of nearly eighty that the usual accompaniment of hard labor was not imposed. But the Government, triumphant over revolution everywhere, can afford to be more generous. Of that latest movement for freedom in Russia, begun with such high hopes five years ago, promising for a time the reconstruction of an empire and a people, and sinking into tragic defeat, this verdict at St. Petersburg marks the finale.

In a detailed study of Turkish finances under the new régime, M. Raphael Lévy, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, arrives at the conclusion that, contrary to general belief, the financial problem in Turkey is by no means the most difficult one. The first two Constitutional budgets raise high hopes for the future. If no complications come up to plunge the country into unforeseen expenditures, we may see the chronic Turkish deficit wiped out in a few years. The increase in customs duties, which the Powers are in a mood to sanction, will swell receipts by a very considerable amount. The interest on the present debt is not a crushing burden, and the sinking-fund operations that are now being carried out on a large scale are an important factor. An extraordinary budget for public works will have to be established, but such an outlay is bound to be productive if carefully managed. Turkey has serious problems to deal with, but the laboriousness and docility of the people should carry the country through.

After Russia, Persia, and China the constitutional movement has seized upon the twelve hundred subjects of the reigning Prince of Monaco. The spirit of democracy has swept throughout the length and breadth of Monaco's eight square miles of territory, and amidst ominous mutterings of the approaching storm the croupiers at Monte Carlo take in their stakes with even more than usual solemnity. The people of a state smiled upon by Fortune to an altogether unprecedented degree have long been the victims of a Prince who has eclipsed the record of the worst king that ever imposed taxation without representation, by giving his subjects neither taxation nor representation. For years Prince Albert has supplied all the revenue for the country without giving his subjects a voice in the spending of it. Relieved of all worry about the tax-collector, and having no industry or commerce to occupy their minds aside from the exportation of a little olive oil, oranges, and lemons, and the importation of an enormous number of wealthy foreigners, the people have had all the more time to brood upon their wrongs. Hence the explosion against a monarch to whom the outbreak must have come as suddenly and as unpleasantly as somebody's breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

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WHAT AILS THE REPUBLICANS?

Gov. Hughes declared in his statement last Thursday night that "this is a critical time for the Republican party in this State." He also referred to that "anxiety for the future" which was implied in the efforts of Senator Root and others to tone up the Republican leadership in New York and make the party policy responsive to the wishes of the voters. But this Republican anxiety for the future is not confined to any one State. It is nearly universal. At Washington the party leaders do not disguise their apprehensions. They are looking forward to this year's elections with not only the fear but the expectation of defeat. The Washington correspondent of a Republican paper put the thing with amazing bluntness the other day:

> There is no disguising the pessimistic tone in which all well-posted Republicans discuss the prospects for the next House. They are all fearful of a reversal of the present Republican majority, and some go so far as to say that it is only a question of how much may be saved from the wreck.

So far as the New York situation is concerned, the reasons for pessimism lie on the surface. For three years past the Republicans of this State have been organized with their brains and character under and their selfishness and stupidity on top. There is no need of going into details. When you have mentioned the name of Hughes, and then have set against it the names of Woodruff and Barnes and Allds, you have told the whole story. Its lesson is at last bitten into the minds of those who have the true welfare of the party at heart, and this accounts for the war on the old party régime begun by Messrs. Root and Griscom. Last week's choice of Cobb as leader of the State Senate was but the first skirmish, which there was very little hope of winning, but which is certain to be followed up until the retirement of Chairman Woodruff is forced and the party organization made at least faintly representative of the demonstrated desires of Republican voters. If this is not done, pessimism will deepen into absolute gloom, and the defeat of the Republicans will be assured before a single ballot is cast.

It is necessary, however, to take a broader look afield and ask for some of the general causes of the general Republican despondency. Why is it that within little more than a year since the inauguration of Mr. Taft—carried into office as he was by a great majority—there should be so definite a feeling, which the President himself frankly shares, that the country is turning away from the Republican party? A partial explanation is to be found, of course, in what is called the swing of the pendulum. Most Presidents enter upon a period of unpopularity, and it usually comes in the second year of their term. In the days when our politics took a regular course, so to speak, it was not uncommon for the President's party to lose control of the House in the mid-way election. It was so with Hayes and Harrison, as it was with Mr. Cleveland in his second term; so that there would be no great violation of precedent if Mr. Taft should see a Democratic House chosen next November. The ultimate political effect of such an event would depend very largely upon what the Democrats did with the House after they got it. Judging by their performances in the recent past, they would promptly use their new control as a knife with which to cut their own throats.

It must in fairness be admitted that there is more in the prevailing dissatisfaction with the Republican party than simply the inertia which so easily follows a victory, or the reaction which may come from disappointed office-seekers. A part of it, no doubt, is due to circumstances beyond the power of the President or the party leaders to control, and for which they are not responsible. After seven years of Roosevelt, the country was bound to have fallen into a state of "nerves," and the new Administration has had to suffer in consequence. More important is the sudden rise in the prices for the necessaries of life, and the widespread discontent that has gone along with it. The Republican party promised prosperity and, indeed, cannot live without it; yet the revival of business since 1907 has been accompanied by complaints that the high cost of living more than eats up steady wages, while labor disputes have been thickening ominously. Strictly speaking, the Administration cannot be held accountable for more than a trifling part of these evils, but it is a law of politics that people will go against a Government under which things occur which they do not like; and there is no doubt that the President and his party will suffer heavily in consequence of prevailing discontents, unless they are somehow allayed.

Yet the hoarsest ravens which are today croaking on the Republican battlements are tariff birds come home to roost. It is the Aldrich-Payne tariff, and especially the manner in which it was enacted and then defended, that is undoubtedly the most crying grievance today against the Republican party. President Taft's Winona speech in apology for the revised tariff was the wettest blanket he has cast over the party. People could understand how he might fight for lower duties and an honest bill and still be beaten; it was really a wonder that he got as much as he did out of a protection-ridden Congress; but the excuses he made for what was done, and the praises he bestowed upon the handiwork of those who were against his real views, had a sickening effect. What the public clearly saw was that private interests had again dictated too large a part of the tariff, and the inevitable fear was that private interests would continue to keep their clutch upon the Republican party in all other important legislation. Here lies, we believe, the chief reason for the current distrust of the Republican party and for Republican depression. The country is offended at the evidence which it thinks it has that a selfish oligarchy is in control of Congress; and unless the laws passed at this session shall prove the contrary, the Republican party cannot go to the polls in the autumn without the strong likelihood of receiving a severe rebuke.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Schiff's remarks at the luncheon of the Republican Club, in this city, last Saturday, on the situation in the Far East have set a big ball rolling. It doesn't matter very much what particular words he used. The language of an after-dinner speech is seldom reported with even approximate accuracy; in the present instance, the reports vary quite materially. The essential point was that he spoke of an impending struggle of the utmost gravity, in which the concert of action of Russia and Japan for the domination of China, with England a party to the compact, is the central factor. When a man of Mr. Schiff's position speaks in this tone, it

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makes comparatively little difference whether he does or does not specifically make mention of war. The effect on the public, in his own country and abroad, must be to revive the war-talk which is ever ready to spring up, and such has been the effect in this instance. It will probably blow over after a little while, but for the moment it has been put to the front more seriously than has been the case for many months. We are forming the Japan habit, very much as the English have formed the Germany habit; and the chief source of the phenomenon is the same in both cases. Other factors keep coming and going, but the matter of trade is always with us. The question remains whether we are going to keep our heads level on that subject or are going to magnify it beyond all reason. On the answer to this question, more perhaps than anything else, depend the future possibilities of the Japan-America situation.

The New York *Times* of March 9 devoted the whole of its editorial columns to a discussion of the relations between the two countries. In an article of remarkable ability, it reviews the history of our relations with Japan, and sets forth what it regards as our present grievance. Its protest and criticism centre about the refusal of both Japan and Russia to assent to Secretary Knox's proposal for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways belonging to those countries respectively; though there is in it the background of complaint of a more or less serious and more or less definite character, made by Americans as to discriminations against them in their Manchurian business. But the article begins with a comment on the surprise that has been expressed in Japan over "Mr. Jacob H. Schiff's prediction of a great struggle in the Far East—for it was a great struggle, a commercial struggle, not a war, that Mr. Schiff predicted—in which it seemed to him probable that the United States, Japan, and other great Powers would be involved." And the particular point that we wish to make is that this kind of denial that the "struggle" predicted would be a war, this kind of assertion that it would be a "commercial struggle, not a war," whether intended to have substantial effect or not, really leaves the matter just where it was. Nobody supposed Mr. Schiff to be prophesying war to-morrow, or next year; he would be the last man to do such a thing; and if he had done it the words would be passed over as a mere momentary indiscretion. The really serious thing about this Manchurian trade talk is that it is not sensational, but deadly sober; and the mischief it does is in producing the impression not that we are on the eve of an explosion, but that permanent interests of tremendous moment are involved, which we must protect at all hazards. If the men of peace keep cultivating this notion, we may be sure that the men of war will find in it their best opportunity.

By all means, let our Government exert itself to secure to American trade every opportunity to which it is justly entitled. When agreements are violated, when improper discriminations are made, let the resources of our State Department be vigorously put forth to secure a remedy. But let us not rush into the field of popular agitation, and treat as an occasion for solemn national foreboding that which is fit subject only for the patient endeavors of those officially charged with the conduct of our foreign relations. The trade of Manchuria may become in the future a matter of great importance to the people of the United States, and we must provide in the present against difficulties in the future. But do not let us act, with regard to the vague possibilities of a future that nobody can forecast, as though we were dealing with a vital or critical concern of the present. There will be plenty of time for a thousand forms of negotiation and diplomatic pressure before the trade of Manchuria begins to be of any immediate importance to the nation. The *Times's* article says that "to Manchuria alone we used to send $10,000,000 worth of cotton goods every year," a statement which, we fancy, can be true only of a very few years, and of these for reasons of an exceptional nature; but what is quite certain is that our entire export trade to the entire Chinese Empire never exceeded $20,000,000 prior to the Japanese-Russian war, except in the single year 1902, when it reached $24,000,000; that the average of that trade for the ten years preceding the war was less than $13,000,000; and that before that decade it was much smaller still. If we take in Hongkong, an addition of seven or eight million would have to be made. This, of course, settles nothing; but, after all, it must make some difference to the feeling of rational men whether they imagine they are dealing with enormous immediate interests, or whether they realize that the entire Chinese export trade—the whole of it, not merely the profits—is, for this rich nation, a mere bagatelle.

The truth is that the magnifying of the importance of foreign trade is one of the traditional superstitions of mankind. The persistence of the balance-of-trade delusion is one of its manifestations; the idea that a country is in imminent danger of death by suffocation if she does not keep every avenue for export open is another. In England, of course, there is special reason for this kind of feeling; with a population in those two little islands nearly half as great as that of the United States, over-seas trade is with the British a matter of life and death. But who would have thought it possible, a few years ago, that anybody could think of our vast country as in any such position? To that kind of talk, however, we are beginning to accustom ourselves; and among the tasks of the economists of the country must henceforth be included that of teaching the necessity of weighing the benefits of foreign trade in the scales of reason.

PEARY AND CONGRESS.

The sub-committee on naval affairs is undoubtedly within its rights in demanding a sight of Peary's proofs before recommending that he be voted the thanks of Congress. But there is a right way and a wrong way of going about this matter, and it seems to us that the sub-committee has distinctly fallen into the latter. With Congressman Macon as its intemperate spokesman—a man whose "farthest North," as one of the Washington correspondents puts it, is the "sunk lands" of Arkansas—it is in danger of making what should be a spontaneous and handsome act appear painfully ungracious and grudging. The question of Peary's reward will begin to seem, to foreigners at least, of less pressing interest than the question of the manners of the Congress of the United States.

That there have been unfortunate misunderstandings about the whole affair may be freely admitted. A frank and direct treatment of the matters at issue would, it must seem, have cleared them

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all up. But with all the inconclusive disputes about the nature of Peary's contract with his publishers, about the danger that his proofs submitted "in confidence" to the committee would instantly become public property, and about the necessity of calling in experts in any event, the whole affair has been left in a most unhappy position. It is high time that a more manly and honorable spirit were manifested by all concerned. The facts are clear. It is not asserted by any one that the sub-committee would be competent to pass upon the proofs if they were submitted to it. No one supposes that Congressman Macon would recognize an astronomical observation if he should meet it in the street. Suppose that Peary had in the first place laid his records before the sub-committee, and that it had given its verdict in his favor, what weight would have been attached thereto by the learned world? One can fancy the sneers in the European press. The Geographic Society, though having no official authority, invited real experts to pass upon Peary's proofs, and their findings were instantly accepted by scientists and academic bodies everywhere. One representative of these experts has appeared before the sub-committee to state in general terms the nature of the evidence placed in their hands by Peary and their complete satisfaction with it. But apparently the committee will not be content until astronomers and navigators explain to it in person, and with the documents before them, the meaning of the technical records and calculations which Peary made, and which probably not one Congressman unaided would be able to understand. As we say, the committee may be acting within its strict rights in so doing, but it ought to take heed lest it put Congress and the whole country in a bad light.

For it is not simply Peary that we have to think of in this connection, but our national reputation. In the presence of a giant achievement with which all the world has rung, it will not do for our Representatives in Congress to appear like puny men with mustard-seed minds. In every controversy over the voting of formal thanks and rewards to a national hero, there is always danger that Congress or Parliament may hurt its own prestige more than it can dim that of the man it is churlish in honoring. In Southey's "Life of Nelson" there is an instructive passage relating to the action of Parliament in rewarding the victor of the battle of the Nile:

> He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2,000 for his own life, and those of his two immediate successors. When the grant was moved in the House of Commons, Gen. Walpole expressed an opinion that a higher degree of rank ought to be conferred. Mr. Pitt made answer that he thought it needless to enter into that question. "Admiral Nelson's fame," he said, "would be co-equal with the British name: and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl!" It was strange that, in the very act of conferring a title, the minister should have excused himself for not having conferred a higher one, by representing all titles, on such an occasion, as nugatory and superfluous. True, indeed, whatever title had been bestowed, whether viscount, earl, marquis, duke, or prince, if our laws had so permitted, he who received it would have been Nelson still. . . . It depended upon the degree of rank what should be the fashion of his coronet, in what page of the red book his name was to be inserted, and what precedency should be allowed his lady in the drawing-room and at the hall. That Nelson's honors were affected thus far, and no farther, might be conceded to Mr. Pitt and his colleagues in administration: but the degree of rank which they thought proper to allot was the measure of their gratitude, though not of his services. This Nelson felt; and this he expressed, with indignation, among his friends.

The thing that we feel most strongly about is not the exact nature of the recognition to be accorded Peary, but the duty of doing whatever is done in a large and generous way. Peary's real reward he has already received. Unless we grossly mistake him, it came to him when the first conviction swept upon him that he had attained his long-sought goal. In the thrilling sensations of that glorious moment anything that might follow in the way of applause or tokens of gratitude would have seemed poor and cheap. Of course, the acclaim of brother-explorers and recognition by scientific bodies must have been sweet to him; but as far as official action by Congress goes, that is in a very true sense its affair, not his. And the point for the sub-committee to get into its sub-consciousness as soon as possible is the need that Congress bear itself so as not to dim, by a lack of grace and magnanimity, the lustre which Peary's work has given the United States. Just at present, it is Congress that is on trial in the eyes of the nations, not Peary.

If any new meaning is to be read by the affair into the worn phrase, "the ingratitude of republics," we think it is that they are not so much ungrateful as awkward. Even when they want to do fine things, they do not always know how to go about it. In the present instance, it may be that a republic which unguardedly slopped over in connection with the wrong man feels particularly tongue-tied when it comes to expressing thanks to the right man. But whatever difficulties of detail there may be to overcome, it is not for Congress to split hairs or stick in the bark of non-essentials, but to make itself the dignified voice of a national tribute to one whose fame has brought new glory to the United States.

LETTERS FROM THE GRAVE.

President Harrison's letter to his close personal friend and Attorney-General, W. H. H. Miller, effectually disposes of the Platt charge that the Senator from New York was first promised and then denied office. Platt a Secretary of the Treasury! It was incredible on its face that any President should ask him to a seat at the Cabinet table, no matter how great the party necessity for campaign funds. And it any person in Mr. Harrison's name, whether Mr. Elkins or any one else, was so foolish as to promise a Cabinet office to Platt, Mr. Harrison was bound in common honor to have disavowed the act of his agent. Now we have, from the grave as it were, Mr. Harrison's positive statement that he never authorized any one to make promises to Platt and made none himself. Indeed, he added, in the letter before us, "You know that while I was President I made myself unpopular, perhaps, by reason of the fact that I never said to any one that I would make this or that appointment until it was actually made."

That this is the safest rule for Presidents, no one can deny. We have, fortunately, gone beyond the time when it was deemed necessary, in order to insure Presidential success, to pledge the Cabinet positions in advance of the election. Lincoln's friends, at the time of his nomination, promised the position of Secretary of War to Simon Cameron in return for Pennsylvania's votes in the convention, and Lincoln loyally kept the promise, though it cannot have been easy to do so. It was thought at the

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time that Seward, too, then received a promise of the Secretaryship of State as a balm for his great disappointment at Chicago; but there was no promise made to him any more than, as it now appears, by Mr. Harrison to James G. Blaine. If we are still wringing large contributions out of important business interests, as Platt did for Harrison, under threats and duress, and are still awarding diplomatic offices, as under Cleveland and Mr. Taft, to campaign contributors, we are surely graduating from this stage of our political pilgrim's progress. Whatever may be thought of recent campaign managers, no one will, we think, deny their superiority to men of the Quay, W. W. Dudley, and Platt type.

When one deals with men as unscrupulous as these, it well becomes a public man to prepare a defence to be used when he is in the grave. Of course, in this Harrison controversy, the President had a vast advantage in point of character over his assailant. Mr. Harrison's prestige and reputation steadily increased after his return to private life. Mr. Platt's pitiful end, deserted of quondam friends and stripped of power, will long point a moral and adorn a tale. But had there been no letter to Mr. Miller, fair-minded men must have deferred a final judgment until the historians had had an opportunity to examine the whole matter in the light of Mr. Harrison's record, and of contemporary evidence. Of the certainty that much of this will appear, and of its value, the diary of Gideon Welles, now publishing in the *Atlantic*, is fresh proof. It is just this turning-up of new and unsuspected material that lends so much of zest and interest to the historian's life. Not only do musty records afford great surprise, but from attic and cellar come long-forgotten documents to elucidate a hitherto hazy episode or to illuminate afresh by the searchlight of a strong, keen personality some well-studied period. The publication of President Polk's dairy of the Mexican War, so long after that national crime, is another case in point.

For the journalist, who must of necessity base his judgments on what is known at the moment, the Harrison-Platt episode carries its warning as well. But not journalists alone suffer from this. Statesmen also must judge too often with but half the facts before them. Mr. Cleveland, it is related, never had time to read the *Congressional Record* bearing upon some of the most crucial actions of his Administration, until in retirement years afterwards. If he burned anew with indignation at some of the misstatements made, he learned also much that might have induced him to modify his opinions, or even at points change his course, had he but known the facts at the time. There is a warning here for the biographer also—to judge a man not so much in the light of all the facts available after a half-century, but, if possible, in the light of the knowledge available to his subject at any given time in his career. No actor in a great drama is apt to see the whole stage, or survey it at the proper range. To do so is the historian's privilege and his recompense for the hours of unrewarded labor. Out of just such letters as these of Harrison and Platt does he reconstruct the whole *mise en scène*, and reanimate the actors for the sake of bringing out the truth. And no one can tell at what moment or from what grave documents of the highest value will appear.

COLLEGE MEN IN POLITICS.

Organs of public opinion, of the type that hates cant, sir, and does not hesitate to call a spade a blanked shovel, would be hard put to it if they were asked which arouses greater glee in their disenchanted souls, the scholar in politics or the reformer who falls by the wayside. When a backsliding reformer happens to be at the same time a college graduate, as is very often the case, there is, indeed, more rejoicing over that one black academic sheep in the political fold than over ninety-nine other crooked politicians who are not college graduates, or ninety-nine other college graduates in politics who are not crooked. The American college has much to answer for in this imperfect world of ours. The wonder is that Harvard has not sunk before this under the weight of Harvard graduates who are arrested for violating the Anti-Trust laws, that Yale has held out under the disgrace of headlines like "Yale Graduate Attacks Wife with Hatchet," and that Columbia has kept up operations in spite of such of her alumni as are arrested for not paying their hotel bills. It is a characteristic piece of reasoning on the part of many persons to take it for granted that Alma Mater can do nothing for her students while they are with her, but to hold her responsible for their good behavior twenty-five years after they have gone.

Calling attention to the fact that this particularly disreputable specimen of the boss or that exceptionally corrupt legislator is a college graduate, proves nothing. The simple law of averages demands that a certain number of rascals in politics should be college graduates. More than any other nation in the world, we are a lawyer-governed people; and with the passing of the traditional system of studying law at the feet of the practising attorney, legal training has come to mean, as a rule, college training. If farmers and merchants and manufacturers and railway-builders were to be met with in our halls of legislation, there would be some chance of formulating comparative statistics of public virtue and public vice, as between the college-bred man and the self-made man. As it is, the number of college men who rule this country through the complicated machinery of democratic government is so very large that the number of weak brethren among them must, in all reason, make up a very impressive total. This is no answer, of course, to the man who believes that the college should be a device for turning out young men as perfect as Adam was before the Fall, and guaranteed to last. It does supply a basis for discounting the glee of the worldly-wise over the failure of the college to promote sound democracy, as deducible from this or that college man caught stealing.

But there is one type of the college man in politics whose rôle in our scheme of democratic government is already an important one, whose influence is bound to increase with time, and who, nevertheless, is strangely overlooked when it comes to making up the score for and against the college. One possible reason is that he is more frequently classified under the head of reformer than of college man. Of this type are the young men who in our principal cities have built up what is now a profession, the profession of social service. Whether their path lies in the field of settlement work, of charity organization, or of the more technical business of municipal research, it would be hard to overestimate the direct ef-

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fect of their labors upon recent political history. Take New York. We need only remember how large a share in the overthrow of Tammany has been played by the entire complex of problems that is called up when we speak of the East Side. We have there the issue of poverty upon which corrupt politics battens, of vice which politics traffics in and protects, of overcrowding, of underschooling, of police neglect and police tyranny among the immigrant populations. This East Side which has displayed the moral forces that have swung elections, was largely discovered and made part of the common body politic through the efforts of the college settlements, the college investigators, the college cranks of every kind, who stir our disillusioned organs of public opinion to such high merriment.

Take Mayor Gaynor's Administration, with its record of fine achievement and still finer promise, and see how it is thoroughly permeated with, and based upon, the ideals that abide in the amateur college type of mind. It is not only that men have been appointed to high administrative office who have been closely identified with the movement towards a progressive and socially humane democracy, such men as Stover in the Park Department, or Murphy in the Tenement House Department, or Lederle at the head of the Board of Health; but even in so dry-as-dust a department as Finance, the good old methods of the practical politician are being thrown over in favor of the sane principles of bookkeeping and housekeeping worked out and popularized by a handful of college men engaged in the study of decent municipal government. Subway construction, school building, playground developmen are now gone at in the belief that the city is made for the well-being and happiness of its people, and not of the politicians. And that sentiment of the "people" in the city is largely the product of a campaign of education carried on by college men. Here, then, is a class of unofficial statesmanship which is coming to count more and more in our political life, and which the college is entitled to cite on its side of the question.

We have spoken of college men. We need only recall how large a place the college woman occupies in the field of social service to recognize how many women have surmounted their suffrage disqualifications and had their share in shaping political life in a great city.

PHILANTHROPY AND POWER.

It appears from recent developments that the great philanthropic foundation designed by Mr. Rockefeller will be made the subject of serious deliberation before it receives its charter from Congress. To say that this is as it should be does not by any means imply an attitude of unfriendliness toward the spirit or purpose of the gift. Mr. Rockefeller, whatever may be true of his methods of getting, has shown in his giving a sense of responsibility for the proper use of his magnificent opportunities that is worthy of all praise. In planning a permanent organization that would continue after his death to exercise the same kind of judgment in the expenditure of millions for educational and philanthropic purposes which he or his agents have been exercising now for many years, we have no doubt that he is animated by the sole desire to make his vast fortune productive of the greatest possible amount of good. But to apportion praise or blame is not the only function of public opinion in such matters, and it is no part of the business of Congress in the premises. The nation is called upon not merely, or mainly, to appraise motives, but to estimate consequences.

The Rockefeller Foundation stands out from among all the great benevolent foundations of the past by the combination of an almost boundless scope with enormous resources. The amount of the latter is not known, but it is safe to say that they will far surpass those of any other philanthropic foundation thus far launched in the world, with the possible exception of the Baron de Hirsch fund. But the comprehensiveness of scope, the indefiniteness of purpose, is far more distinctive of the proposed Foundation than is its probably colossal magnitude. The funds to which it invites comparison present in this respect a striking contrast to it. The Rhodes scholarship fund, for instance, is devoted to the prosecution of a single well-defined educational purpose. The Carnegie Institution has for its object the promotion of research. The Carnegie Foundation was, on its face, designed for an even more strictly limited purpose, its object being to improve the conditions under which the profession of college and university teaching is carried on. The Russell Sage Foundation is laid out on very broad lines, and the idea underlying it was a real innovation in the field of philanthropic effort; yet the purpose of it is quite specific. It is an agency designed to investigate the conditions that produce and surround poverty, and to promote the improvement of those conditions, directly or indirectly. The Baron de Hirsch fund involves a vast field of choice as to means, but its aim is specific enough. The General Education Board, magnificently endowed by Mr. Rockefeller, was a step in the direction of this new foundation, but it was confined to the field of education, and has been doing its work by systematic aid to existing institutions. The new Foundation goes far beyond any of its predecessors in point of indefiniteness and elasticity.

Of course, it is precisely this elasticity that constitutes the distinctive merit of the proposed foundation; looking to the long future, it allows for the unlimited possibilities of change in human conditions and human needs. But admirable as is the purpose thus held in view—the purpose of doing in each generation what in that generation most needs doing—the fact cannot be blinked that the lodging of such great discretionary power in a self-perpetuating body controlling a vast fund raises serious questions. It is true that Congress is to have power to amend or annul the charter; but there may be broad questions of policy which it is easier to decide aright before the charter is granted than to insist upon in future years in the face of established influences. And the main questions suggested, as it seems to us, are, first, whether there are any limitations of power that ought to be made from the start, and that may not be made in the charter as proposed; and, secondly, whether some other form of organization than that of a self-perpetuating body should not be demanded. The first question bristles with difficulties, to be sure; for experience shows how wide may be the actual scope of an institution's influence, even when its ostensible activity is limited to a narrow range. The Carnegie Foundation is exercising—in the main with great wisdom, thus far, we feel sure—a power over our educational institutions

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that probably nobody suspected it would even attempt to wield, and that nobody can deny is capable of producing injurious consequences; and if a fund whose only weapon is the power to exclude a college from the benefits of its pension system can essay such a part, what limits can we hope to set upon the possible exercise of influence by such an institution as the Rockefeller Foundation, upon a thousand phases of the national life?

But the more difficult the problem of any effective limitation of power, the more serious becomes the question of the personal control of the Foundation. Can there not be found a more wholesome, a safer, method of organizing this great social force than that which would place it in the hands of a self-perpetuating body, the original members of which are the personal representatives of the donor? The answer will naturally occur that just this has been done, over and over again, in the case of our colleges and universities, without objection and, indeed, with explicit approval. But it must be remembered that, however complete in form may be the power of the trustees of a university, they are in fact constrained to act within fairly well-defined lines. They are subject, in the first place to the influence of the standard and traditions of the whole body of like institutions in the country and in the world at large; and, secondly, there arises inevitably, in the course of time, a body of alumni, whose power to make their views felt is always demonstrated sooner or later. No such agencies exist to limit the powers or to direct the energies of the men in control of such an institution as the proposed Rockefeller Foundation. With its undefined possibilities of influence upon the general welfare, would it not be wiser to have its management chosen—if not at the beginning, then as vacancies arise in the future—by men representing in some definite way the great permanent interests of the whole nation? Out of such institutions as the Presidency of the United States, the Supreme Court, the presidencies of our leading universities, and others that might be mentioned, would it not be possible to fix upon a little group of electors for the filling of vacancies as they arise? And would not the placing of the Foundation upon a basis of this kind be the best proof the founder could give of large-mindedness and of singleness of purpose?

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

No collectors are more eager nowadays than the buyers of views of Old New York, and on the evenings of March 22 and 23 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city will hold a very timely sale of the Neill collection. The series known as Bourne's Views, mostly from drawings by C. Burton, published in 1831; Davis and Imber's Views (1827); Milbert's lithographs (1825); early copperplates from the *Columbian Magazine;* early aquatints; interesting folding panoramas, and many views of business buildings on Broadway, and other sheets are included. In all the catalogue contains 433 lots.

A selection of duplicates from the library of Hon. Daniel B. Fearing of Newport, R. I., will be sold by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. on March 22 and 23. Mr. Fearing has been bringing together books on angling and kindred subjects for many years, and his collection is now, without doubt, the finest in the country. He was the largest buyer at the John G. Heckscher sale a year ago. Among the books in the sale are Brown's "American Angler's Guide" (1845); Pierce Egan's "Sporting Anecdotes" (1845); Houghton's "British Fresh-Water Fishes" (1879), and several editions of Walton's "Complete Angler," including Pickering's famous first edition (1836) and the very rare German edition printed in Hamburg in 1859, the greater part of which was destroyed by fire.

On March 24 and 25 the same firm will sell portions of the library of George Luff of New York, including a complete set of H. H. Bancroft's historical writings, 39 vols.; Daniel Webster's set of Sanderson's "Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," 9 vols.; the first edition of La Peyrouse's "Voyage autour du Monde," 4 vols. (1797); New York Colonial Laws (1752), printed by James Parker, and (1789) printed by Hugh Gaine; Stedman's "Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam" (1806), with colored plates, several of which were engraved by William Blake and others by Bartolozzi; Haywood's "Civil and Political History of Tennessee" (1823); books on the Revolution, Indians, and New York, travels in the West, etc.

On March 22 and 23 C. F. Libbie & Co., in Boston, will sell the library of the late Joseph Stickney of Concord, N. H. Several very rare New England imprints are offered: Thomas Shepard's "Eye Salve" (1673); Hubbard's "Happiness of a People in the Wisdom of Their Rulers" (1676); Samuel Wakeman's "Young Man's Legacy to the Rising Generation" (1673), and his "Sound Repentence the Right Way to Escape Deserved Ruine" (1685). A long set of New Hampshire Registers (1772-1888), New Hampshire Laws and Reports; Genealogies, Confederate publications, and American newspapers are included.

On March 22 Stan. V. Henkels, in Philadelphia, holds a sale of autograph letters and historical documents. A letter written by John Hancock to Elbridge Gerry dated "Lexington 18 April, 1775 9 o'clock evening," beginning "I am much oblig'd for your Notice, it is said the officers are gone Concord Road, & I will send word thither," seems to show that the route of the British troops was known, and that there was no necessity for hanging signal lanterns in the tower of the Old North Church, or for Paul Revere's "Midnight Ride." There are important letters by Signers of the Declaration, Gens. Washington, Charles Lee, Greene, Steuben, Lafayette, Robert Howe, Wayne, and others, a curious manuscript by Thomas Paine, complaining of Washington's treatment of him, etc.

On March 28 and 29 the same auctioneer will sell the third part of the library of the late Clarence H. Clark, including the collections on art, archæology, engraving, and bibliography. Audsley's "Ornamental Arts of Japan," Audsley and Bowes's "Keramic Art of Japan," Gonse's "L'Art japonais," Owen Jones's "Alhambra," Lord Kingsborough's "Antiquities of Mexico," Nash's "Mansions of England," and Silvertre's "Paléographie universelle," are important works with colored plates. Mr. Clark's copy of the "Description de l'Egypte," 20 vols. folio, the great work prepared by the French savants who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, was a presentation set from Louis Philippe, and each volume bears a presentation inscription stamped upon the binding. Several of William Loring Andrews's books are included, among them his rarest publication, the catalogue of his collection of Aldines, published in 1885, and limited to fifty copies.

Correspondence.

SHAKESPEARE'S SIGNATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Supplementing the article in the March number of *Harper's Magazine,* "Shakespeare as a Man among Men," I may add a word with reference to the spelling and pronunciation of his name. For a century the orthography has been a perennial subject of debate. The whole question should be referred for settlement to the contemporary pronunciation and the calligraphic means of phonetic representation, a central point which has not generally been taken into account in discussions of Shakespeare's handwriting. The new signature may contribute its quota of aid in the solution. To those not familiar with manuscripts of Shakespeare's time, it is difficult to understand a system of spelling which, at first sight, seems systemless. We have so standardized and stereotyped our modern spelling and are so accustomed to regarding as ignorant any one who varies from accepted standards, that we are inclined at once to call the irregular orthography of three centuries ago likewise ignorant. But a scientific analysis on the basis of phonetic representation would show that their modes of spelling were not more ignorant or less ignorant than our own or those of the Anglo-Saxons, their ancestors. The art of printing and the training of eye and ear had not yet brought the world under the rule of uniformity of sound representations. Scribes attempted mainly to represent the oral utterances by characters that, when pronounced, seemed true records of the sound of the voice. That is they, as all Teutonic races for centuries had done, spelled phonetically.

Since one sound or a combination of sounds was represented sometimes by two

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or more characters or sets of characters, there existed the forms of spelling that strike us now as systemless or "ignorant," but which were, after all, a constant attempt at correct representation of the voice. For example, to different ears and sometimes to the same ear, "i" and "y," "ai" and "ei," "ai" and "ay," "eir," "eire," "er," "ere," "ear," and "eare," represented respectively the same sound or sounds. So we have in these old manuscripts such variant representations of identical utterances as "is" and "ys," "if" and "yf," "raigne" and "reigne," "said," "sayd," "saith," "saithe," "sayth," "saythe," "saieth," "sayeth," "their," "theire," "ther," "there," "thear," "theare," and so on indefinitely. A glance through Shakespeare's deposition, for example, written by two different clerks, will show a number of such variants in phonetic representation. Even in a manuscript written entirely by one hand you rarely find uniformity. Every searcher of documents will tell you, for example, that he has often found such a simple word as "is" spelled in a single line as both "is" and "ys."

In the matter of proper names we have not even now perfect uniformity. We still meet with "Smith," "Smithe," "Smyth," etc. I have known an American university girl to begin her first semester as "May" and soon evolve into "Mae" or "Maie." In Shakespeare's time, people spelled proper names even less uniformly than now. Philip Henslowe's name, for example, is spelled by him and others some score of ways. The name "Shakespeare" also occurs in a variety of phonetic forms, as "Shakespeare," "Shakspere," "Shaksper," "Shaxper," and so on. The most common contemporary spelling was the one now generally followed, "Shakespeare."

In spelling the poet's name, some wrote the first part "Shake," others "Shak," both of which forms properly represented the same sound of the voice, just as we now find in "take" and "tak-ing." The last part of the name was spelled "speare," "spear," "spere," "sper," all of which forms were only graphic representations of one set of sounds. Those who wrote "Shax" simply combined the k-sound of the first part with the "s" of the second part into "x"—a form of contraction equivalent to "ks."

This brings us to the forms and signs of contraction, which were then in such common use as to make the page present the appearance sometimes—especially in Latin documents—of combined long-hand and short-hand. We still write "Mr.," "Dr.," "St.," and a few others. But we have ceased to use most of the contractions and their signs then so common. For example, we no longer write "othr" for "other," "possion," with a stroke over the top, for "possession," "p'tend" for "pretend," "p'forme,' as in the seventh line of Shakespeare's third answer, for "perform," "thr" for "their," "sp," with a stroke through the stem of the p, for "spear."

In Shakespeare's time, and long before, but gradually less and less since, certain marks or signs of contraction meant regularly certain sounds, just as the letters they stood for did. For example, a little cursive mark running back over a letter, as in "p'tend," where the apostrophe is inserted, meant "re." But a bowl on the front of the stem of "p" made that character represent "pro," and a "p" with a stroke through the lower part of the stem represented "per."

It is extremely interesting to see these contractions and signs used even in proper names. By comparing Shakespeare's six signatures, it will be seen that he spelled his name out in full in only those three subscriptions written in the solemn and deliberate hour of perfecting his will. The name on the first sheet of the will reads "Shakspere," on the second, the same, and on the third, "Shakspeare." "Shak" was the representation he used in all six for the pronunciation of the first part of his name, which was the exact equivalent in sound to the representation "Shake" used by us now, by the clerk of the court in the deposition, and by contemporary publishers and scribes. It is the last part of the name in three signatures that presents shortened forms.

If you examine the purchase-deed signature, you observe the name finished with "spe" and a cursive mark running back over the "e." This cursive is one of the signs used by all scribes of the period to represent the sound we recognize in "re," making the signature, then, read "Shakspere." The signature to the mortgage-deed finishes with "spe" and a mark just above the "e" slightly different from the other, but very commonly used by scribes then likewise for "re." So that signature, too, reads "Shakspere." The eminent Shakespearean scholar, Edmund Malone, who first printed this last signature, 1790, originally interpreted the cursive mark as an "a." He thought the poet lacked room for the full signature, and so wrote as far as he could on the narrow strip of skin, then put an "a" above. He was satisfied, therefore, that the full form was "Shakspeare." Later, 1796, Malone saw he had misinterpreted this common "re" cursive.

The new signature offers another form of shortening. In printing it, I allowed it to stand doubtfully as "Shaks." You will observe on examining it that the final flourish after the "k" has a short turn at the top, with a rapid down-stroke to the left, finishing with a round turn at the bottom and a long, swift cross-sweep of the pen to the stop. *If that final character stood alone* or as an initial, any one familiar with old records would at once say it was a "p" with a stroke through the stem for "per" or "par," as in "p, forme" in the seventh line of Shakespeare's third answer, or in "p,te" (for "part") in the second line of the fifth answer, and in other words as I have printed them in other depositions. But the signature shows no "s" in front of that flourish. To read it "per" would make the name "Shakper." Since all men then tried to make the letters of a word represent the sounds of the voice, that interpretation cannot be quite correct. Moreover, we have five other evidences from Shakespeare himself, and universal testimony of the contemporaries who wrote his name, that it was pronounced with a sibilant "s" in the middle. The interpretation "Shaks" is also open to objection, even though one of his friends, Abraham Sturley, wrote his name "Shak." There are three sorts of s's used by contemporary scribes. One, a final letter with an upturn, standing for modern "s," was exactly the same as German final "s." Another, standing for our final "es," finished with a down-turn, and looks like a modern "e" with the down-stroke run straight on below the line, as, for example, in "pound*es*" in the fifth line of Shakespeare's fourth answer. The third was a long "s," always used initially and medially, as shown in "saythe," "household," and numerous other words in the deposition. It generally resembles a modern script "f" stopped short at the bottom, without an upturn. But often, especially in the medial position in signatures, it has the appearance of a long, sweeping figure eight, similar to the flourished character after the "k" in this new signature.

What, then, does this finishing character represent? Clearly, the "shak" is the phonetic representation of the first part of the name. Can this final character, containing features of long medial "s" and the contraction for "per," represent either more or less than the rest of the name? There is, of course, the barest possibility that, in attempting an "s," the unfamiliar clerk's pen in the hand of Shakespeare caught in the paper and made that blot on the "k." But it seems unlikely, for there is no evidence of a stroke, either above or below, that could represent any portion of an "s." If there were, as every one would be glad to find, it would be settled on sight that this final character stands for "per." A contraction is quite common in proper names, and is occasionally found in signatures, as Cow*per*, Ro*per*, Sem*per*, etc. But as the signature stands, it appears likely that this rapidly finished sign of contraction, even though without precedent, may represent simply the sound of the voice in pronouncing the unaccented syllable "sper," which might indifferently be spelled thus, or "spere," or "spear," or "speare," without modification of the pronunciation.

The spelling "Shakespeare," or "Shakspere," or any other of that time, should not cause debate. Scribes then had their ways of representing the sounds of the voice, we have ours. To insist on any one form simply because Shakespeare himself used that form or because some one else used it, is to disregard modern modes of phonetic representation and to substitute for them modes of the past without concern as to whether they correctly represent the utterance of the voice to-day or not. After all, the general public sense shows the broader view. We have stereotyped the form most common in Shakespeare's own day as a preferred spelling mainly because it most nearly represents to us the pronunciation that we give the name.

One other item—touching Shakespeare's possible residence in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate—should here be noticed. Mr. M. S. Giuseppi, of the Public Record Office, who supplied the main data for publication in that matter a few years ago, has kindly called my attention to the fact that the Bishop of Winchester owned no lands in Sussex, and that the record in the Pipe Roll of 1599 concerning William Shakespeare, of St. Helen's, with the note of reference to the Bishop of Winchester against it, must therefore refer only to Surrey, and, more closely still, to Southwark. This being the case, it looks probable that the Shakespeare there named was, after all, the Poet, and that he answered in the Surrey-Sussex residuum, not because he was a resident in Southwark, but because of his ownership of property there, at the Globe theatre. It seems quite possible, therefore, that his residence with the Mountjoys in St. Olave,

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Silver Street, began with his removal from St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. But we need more documentary evidence yet before venturing a positive conclusion.

CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE.

London, March 4.

THE ENGLISH PARTIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A large proportion of those who write on the present English political crisis in the American press incline toward the Liberal party on the grounds that the Liberals stand for popular government as against aristocratic. It is natural that Americans should look with disfavor on an hereditary second chamber and a suffrage limited by property qualifications, but a closer scrutiny of the situation would show the writers in question that their estimate of the Liberal party is theoretical rather than practical.

The Liberal party attacks the House of Lords chiefly because it is a Conservative body. It does not propose to reconstitute the upper house on some principle more just and modern than heredity; it proposes to cripple its power of opposition. The moderate Liberals wish to do away with the Lords' veto on financial measures; the extremists wish to abolish the Lords entirely. Either of these plans tends toward single-chamber government—a principle entirely foreign to American ideas.

It is not as if the House of Commons really represented the British people. A general election is often fought on a single issue; the resulting Parliament, if the Government retains its majority, remains in existence for seven years, and may pass any number of measures on which the opinion of the electorate has not been consulted. At the time of the 1906 election, for instance, the principles of the famous Lloyd-George budget had not been evolved, and only the exercise of the Lords' veto, which the Liberals wish to abolish, gave the people an opportunity to register its opinion. And the people returned an anti-budget majority, for the Irish, although political expediency may lead them to accept the budget in a modified form, are known to oppose it.

It is a very difficult matter to estimate the relation between the opinion of the British public as a whole and the opinion of Parliament. The suffrage is restricted, and the seats are badly apportioned. Too much is made in American discussions on the subject of the influence of plural voting. Many men have more than one vote, but few men actually use their plural votes to the full extent, and the number of plural votes cast in any one constituency is rarely large enough to affect the result of an election. A worse evil is the over-representation of certain country districts, and particularly of Ireland. An Irish member often represents three thousand votes, whereas an English borough member may represent twenty thousand.

The Liberals have talked a good deal about Parliamentary reform, but they have done remarkably little. They are afraid that a reapportionment would injure their own standing. The extreme Liberals and Labor members favor universal suffrage, or at least manhood suffrage, but the average intelligence of the poorest classes in England is so low that the wisdom of such an extension is very doubtful.

The Conservative party believes in a strong second chamber; it wishes to reform the House of Lords without crippling its powers. It realizes the danger of government by a single chamber in power for seven years unchecked by any constitutional restraint—for the King does not exercise his veto, there is no written constitution, and the Liberals wish to remove the only existing check, the veto of the Lords.

From the purely constitutional point of view, the standpoint of the Unionists should meet with more American support than that of the Liberals.

FREDERIC SCHENCK.

Oxford, England, February 27.

THE CORPORATION TAX LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is doubtless the opinion of vast numbers of business men, of whom a large number are Republicans, not only that the Corporation Tax law is unbusinesslike and ill-advised, but also that it is unfair to the point of tyranny. It has been attacked in numerous suits brought by many different corporations and persons in many different places, upon various grounds of unconstitutionality. So widespread has the attack been that many persons almost take it for granted that the law will be overthrown by the United States Supreme Court as being unconstitutional. The loss of this law will be a blessing to the country; but how about the loss of President Taft's reputation? His capacity, character, and temperament have been singularly in contrast with those of his predecessor. We have been taught to believe, and have believed, that Mr. Taft is above all a fair-minded man, calm, judicial, and authoritative in matters of law. If this law should be declared unconstitutional, within not much more than the first year of Mr. Taft's term, his reputation as a fair-minded man and a jurist will be swept away; and what will then be left? What subtle force thus drags a great and good man down when he enters public life in this country? Is it not summed up in one word—politics? What is the poison in our politics? The answer is—universal suffrage, destined to crumble and be swept away as an impalpable powder by the irresistible impact of modern evolution.

ROBERT S. MINOT.

Boston, March 4.

SHELLEY AND JAPAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An incident of Japanese life may interest readers of the *Nation*. This morning, after breakfast, I was informed that a young Japanese had committed suicide on the beach in front of the hotel. Of course, I walked down to the beach, and there the poor boy lay. The body had to lie there on the sand until a doctor had examined it and the police had inspected it; then it was picked up by a couple of fishermen, doubled up, head to heels, and thrust into a box which was corded up, slung on a pole, and carried off by two coolies. It was one of the most heartless proceedings I have ever seen, and during it all the crowd joked and laughed, and evidently regarded the matter as a very funny incident.

How strange the contrast, when I discovered that before shooting himself, the poor boy had spread out on the sand all his little belongings—less than a dollar in money, a very scanty wardrobe, some paper and pens, and a copy of "The Poetical Works of Shelley."

WALTER ROGERS FURNESS.

Kamakura, January 9.

STATE INTERVENTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following clipping is from the *University of Wisconsin Press Bulletin*, January 24:

A package of Wisconsin-grown Connecticut-Havana tobacco seed will be furnished to tobacco growers of the State for a trial planting by the Horticultural Department of the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Wisconsin. This seed has been selected from the improved tobacco grown at the Experiment Station for several years, and represents the very best product resulting from systematic improvement.

So we have the teachers of the public schools of Wisconsin instructing their pupils, under the compulsion of a State law, in the (presumably) noxious effects of tobacco upon the human system, as also the use of tobacco in public prohibited to persons who have not reached sixteen years, under severe penalities, while the State University is distributing free seed of the best brands—a curious comment on State intervention.

F. E. U.

Washington, D. C., March 1.

THE LARGEST GLACIER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: Permit me to call your attention to a slip in your recent reference (*Nation*, No. 2330, p. 194) to the report on the Alaskan glacier region, to the effect that "the Malaspina, with a surface area of 1,500 square miles, is the largest in the world outside the Polar regions." That is, of course, far from the truth, the Vatna-jökul, in Iceland, containing ca. 3,100 square miles. Strictly speaking, the glacier-cap of Southern Greenland (in the same latitude as the great Alaskan glacier region) would also have to be considered.

L. M. H.

Ann Arbor, Mich., February 28.

Literature.

CROCE'S ÆSTHETICS.

Æsthetic as Science of Expression and General Linguistic. Translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce by Douglas Ainslie. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

The *Nation*, having already commented (September 25, 1902), on the Italian edition of Benedetto Croce's important work on æsthetics, can now treat this translation only in a general way. Mr. Ainslie has usually conveyed the sense of his compact original with fidelity and spirit. The theoretic portion is preserved intact, the historical summary of æsthetic opinions has been reduced by two-thirds, retaining, however, the portions

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which especially distinguish it from Bosanquet and other compilers. In an introduction breathing a fervid spirit of discipleship the translator describes his meeting with the author. Not uninteresting in itself, it seems to us out of keeping with the dignity of the book. A very welcome contribution not found in the Italian editions is Signor Croce's Heidelberg address on Pure Intuition and the Lyrical Character of Art. The ample bibliography is omitted and, less pardonably, the index. Still, the full table of contents and sidenotes enable one to get about.

Professor Croce is eminently modern in clinging to psychology. For him the æsthetic fact is intuitions that have found expression. This and nothing else is art. But such expression—possession, one is inclined to amend—of intuitions may be, nay, inevitably is, a stage towards intellection. All knowledge has filtered through an æsthetic stage, but the moment our expressed intuitions consent to become terms in concepts, æsthetic quality perishes. It seems to us a defect in the argument that the distinction between such momentary and mediatory expressions and those that are indulged for their own sake, while stated, is nowhere sufficiently ascertained. Expression is a faculty of the human spirit, self-sufficing, unrational, independent of external authority, bearing to intuitions the relation that perception does to sensations.

Such is the doctrine in brief. It resembles the tenets of the psychological school, but is simpler and more comprehensive than any other definition. Véron's dictum that art is objectified emotion, and Santayana's hedonistic variant—art is pleasure objectified, obviously are included within Croce's more sweeping generalization. Only the Neapolitan critic would insist that pleasure is merely a possible concomitant either of intuitions or of their expression.

We suppose few writers to-day would, except by avowed metaphor, locate beauty in things. Our author takes beauty to be successful expression, or more simply expression. Beauty is absolute and has no degrees. Ugliness is merely unsuccessful expression. In a work of art of complicated structure beauty may be in the parts and not in the whole, as freshness graced only fractions of the modest parson's egg. The criterion of art is solely, Has an intuition or intuitions been expressed? No moral or intellectual judgment of the intuitions themselves is in order, for we are in a purely theoretic realm of vision and contemplation, where the will does not enter, and consequently morals are in abeyance. We are evidently not far from the *Urteilskraft* of Kant, freed of mystical implications. When, however, an expression—an inner operation of spirit—is externalized in a work of art, then morals and politics have their right of self-protection. The silent expresser has chosen to become a doer, and his deed is a social fact, subject *quâ* art only to the requirement of expression, but otherwise subject, like other social acts, to discipline, or even suppression.

We cannot will or not will our æsthetic vision: we can, however, will or not will to externalize it, or better to preserve and communicate, or not, to others the externalization produced.

This will to externalize is the only thing that distinguishes the artist from the man of taste.

The judicial activity, which criticises and recognizes the beautiful is identical with that which produces it. The only difference lies in the diversity of circumstances, since, in the one case, it is a question of æsthetic production, in the other of reproduction. The judicial activity is called taste; the productive activity is called genius . . . [which are substantially identical, since] to posit a substantial difference between genius and taste, between artistic production and reproduction, would render communication and judgment alike inconceivable.

The passage illustrates at once Signor Croce's vigor and the stride with which he takes the wider gaps in his argument. He fails to allot to memory its preponderance, both in taste and genius. As for beauty, since it does not inhere in things of any sort, it obviously cannot be an attribute of nature.

Natural beauty is simply a stimulus to æsthetic reproduction which presupposes previous production. Without preceding intuitions of the imagination, nature cannot arouse any at all.

Here we are near Oscar Wilde's paradox that beauty is conferred upon nature by art, a suggestion which might claim respectable Platonic origins.

It follows from the definition of art as expressed intuition that all classifications of the separate arts are merely descriptive, historical, unscientific, and in a sense provisional. The famous *genres* have thus only empirical existence. Any attempt to fix their limits and to legislate for future art is absurd *ab initio*. The reprehended tendency to *Anderstreben* is the natural and legitimate attempt to secure the maximum of expressiveness. Where we imagine we are laying down the laws of the *genres*, we are either talking nonsense, or merely asserting that a given expression is intrinsically insincere or imperfect.

Such is the doctrine in bare epitome. Its interesting working out in the field of history and belles-lettres, we can only mention. The most novel feature of the book, though anticipated by the impressionistic critics, is the awarding of equal honors to criticism and so-called creation. Without a vigorous criticism, not necessarily a written one, Signor Croce believes no vigorous art is possible. In this conviction, he has founded and conducted that very able review *La Critica*.

Remarkable and trenchant as are the affirmations of this book, its silences are equally significant. Rarely has an æsthetic been written with such slight attention to the concrete arts, or, in our author's phrase, externalized expressions. Some hint of the qualities of the arts of language there is, but music, painting, sculpture, the dance, hardly shadow these pages. All this is consonant with the dictum of the indivisibility of æsthetic expression, but it also causes misgivings. Finally, though any thorough discussion of the theory is impossible, we may at least mention the gravest doubt that occurs. These intuitions, which are the plasma of expression, what are they? The answer is very brief and vague, negative rather than positive. We are told that these are inchoate non-intellectual experiences that either through expression become æsthetic or fail of expression and remain inchoate. But suppose these intuitions are so diverse inherently that the process of expression fails to unify them? May there not be, in short, paths to intellection that forego the æsthetic stage, intuitions refractory to æsthetic expression? Such questions occur and we find no complete answer to them. A deeper doubt arises from the fact that the whole argument really adds nothing to the initial definition—art is expressed intuition. One shrinks from a system that is already complete in a definition involving a mystery.

Of the value of the book, there is no question. Its destructive analysis of the empirical, naturalistic, and transcendental æsthetic is enlightening and convincing. It clears the ground for constructive studies. It is written with superb clearness, vigor, and picturesqueness. Any reader who is capable of consecutive thought may understand it, and will not fail to find it immensely stimulating. These are distinctions that cannot be taken away from this athletic Neapolitan thinker whatever fate the future may hold for his doctrines.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Human Cobweb: A Romance of Peking. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Weale will be recalled as author of "The Re-Shaping of the Far East," "Indiscreet Letters from Peking," and other books dealing with modern conditions in Eastern Asia. He has also published a collection of short stories whose scene is laid in the Far East. The material for "The Human Cobweb," which is, we believe, his first novel, is drawn from the same source. The action begins in London, but, most of it, as the sub-title suggests, takes place in Peking.

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The hero, Peter Kerr, is a rising engineer who has planned a system of railways in China which shall assure England of permanent influence in Chinese affairs. Of course, he tells a woman all about his plans before he leaves England, and, of course, she betrays him. When he arrives in Peking to begin his experience as concession-hunter, a certain Belgian syndicate, in full possession of his plans, has its representatives there and already at work to secure control of the territory involved. Peter Kerr has been allowed by his sponsors to set out on his mission in complete ignorance of the ordinary mode of procedure in such cases. He is astonished to find difficulty in approaching the Chinese official by direct means. However, he has the good luck to fall into the hands of an Italian concession-hunter who thoroughly understands the game, and who eventually engineers him to success. But he also falls into the hands, or, more literally, the arms, of a Frenchwoman whose husband is working against him for the Belgian syndicate. Much complication ensues, and the ingenuous Peter is finally extricated only by the amazing skill of his Italian ally.

It must be admitted that the Englishman does not play the part of conquering Briton with the aplomb of the ordinary hero of fiction. The Italian adventurer, the Swiss landlord, above all the extraordinary little Englishwoman who somewhat spasmodically mothers him in his exile, are all more interesting persons. Mr. Weale has a straightforward style, and a knack at mild philosophizing which remind one a little of the late Marion Crawford. So, in noting the physical sloth of his fat Italian:

> It is not all people who find happiness in perspiration; some prefer pantology; others revel in pantophagy; not to speak of those who never find happiness at all.

Characteristic, too, is his description of a hotel as

> curiously like a box full of different compartments, containing different kinds of insects, engaged in their own work. Separated only by lath and plaster, some are doing one thing, some another thing, and some nothing at all. Imagine how amusing it would be if one could get a simultaneous view of the manifold activities!

In his panoramic views of Chinese life, and his interpretation of them, the student of the East triumphs over the novelist: it is in these passages that the book achieves absolute merit.

On the Branch. From the French of Pierre de Coulevain. By Alys Hallard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is currently described as the most popular book of the moment, in France; as the most popular of all books written by women. Let us "allow for the wind," as some one advised the reader of Hazlitt to do.

The heroine of the tale, who tells her own story, is a woman in her fifties, a Mme. de Myères. Late in life, she has blossomed out into literature. As "Jean Noël," she is a successful novelist. ("Pierre de Coulevain" is, no less, a woman's pseudonym. This is not the only analogy.) At the opening of the story, this heroine is a widow of tragic experience. After fourteen years of life with a husband, whom she had greatly loved, the husband has suddenly been lost to her, and, with his death, it has appeared that a friend of her childhood has been his mistress; also that there is a child. This highly introspective woman, whose narrative is more thickly sprinkled with the personal pronoun than any we have recently encountered, is deprived even of the luxury of grief. In her bereavement and disillusion she decides upon cutting loose from all ties with the too odious past. She seeks relief in travel. She lives "on the branch"—in hotels and strange places. In her peregrinations, she heaps up (to use her own phrase), "impressions upon impressions, images upon images." These impressions, these images, form the staple of a book that fairly reeks with cosmopolitanism, with analysis, and with a kind of leucocholy that passes off as optimism. For Jean Noël professes belief in some sort of providential fatalism, which seems to strengthen her against the slings and arrows. It is difficult to disentangle the Jean Nöel and the Pierre de Coulevain here; one or the other of them prates overmuch of this same "Providence"; of personal magnetism; of "fluids." Unquestionably the "human interest" of a really moving story loses, too, by the deliberation with which it is unfolded. In the end, however, Mme. de Myères—or Noël—becomes reconciled with her husband's mistress and comes even to love her and her son. She interests herself in the latter's love affairs. The final words of the book are, "Fallen from the Branch."

The Crossways. By Helen R. Martin. New York: The Century Co.

The picturesque life of the Pennsylvania Germans is a field so well known to this writer that her mastery of local color is to be taken for granted. In her present book, however, the characters who play their parts before the beautifully painted scenery do not appeal strongly to the average reader. By those who delight to dwell upon the condition of woman as the bondslave of Man, this story may be hailed as profoundly symbolic; but to the ordinary mind its pivotal point is inconceivable, even though it may be founded on the facts of life among a fortunately limited number. The story turns upon the mediæval relations between man and woman still current in a community where it is not only possible, but customary, for a man to consider the women of his household as mere drudges and chattels. The son of such a family, Matthew Kuntz, has made for himself the promising beginnings of a career as a doctor. In his hospital practice, he has fallen in love with one of his patients, a beautiful Southern girl, whose natural sensitiveness has been fostered by her tender rearing. She marries him despite the protests of her family, and is happy till their return to his native village, where he has decided to establish his home. Once in the atmosphere of his father's house, he succumbs to its traditions. Instead of the comradeship of their earlier days, he feels the need of asserting his mastery; and although poor Jean is no shrew, he proceeds to her taming by methods hardly more gentle than Petruchio's. The breaking of a butterfly is always a sorry spectacle, and we are wearied and disgusted by the long drawn out story of Jean's sordid martyrdom. Of course, the birth of her child is supposed to work a revolution in Matthew's ideas—but the change treads somewhat too close upon the heels of his previous blind brutality for us to find it convincing. We rather echo in thought Tom Kemp's comment on the reformed Mollusk. "It's a miracle—yes; but are miracles permanent? We're never told—we're never told."

Little Brother O' Dreams. By Elaine Goodale Eastman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This slight but exquisite portrayal of the heart of a child has the charm of a bluebird or a butterfly—a brief gleam of grace and color that leaves a pleasant memory. One might perhaps wish away the final touch of conventional romance, and yet it does not mar the atmosphere of the story, for the reunion of Little Brother with his Princess seems as far from the strident realisms of commonplace fiction as the nuptials of Peter Pan and Maimie Mannering. It is in Little Brother's poems that the soul of the book is to be sought. Such lines as the couplet on Sunset and Autumn have some spark of the right Promethean fire:

> On the castle of Night a red red flag that flies for the prince Tomorrow;
> In the face of the Cold a blazing world, and Hope at the door of Sorrow.

This verse to the chimney-swallows has also a haunting music:

> Why do you live in a small dark room, you children of air and light—
> In a house that is tired and old and sad where men have been born and died?
> If I were a bird I would live like a bird on the highest wind-washed height,
> In the bending tip of the topmost tree where the heavens are opened wide.

Best of all is this summary of the child-poet's philosophy:

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This world is all a Poem, braided lines
like sun and rain;
Winter is the rhyme to summer, joy is
always rhymed with pain.
Youth and age are in the poem—you can
hear it if you try—
If you listen in a lonely place—a-swinging
through the sky.

God is the wondrous Poet who matched
the day and night;
He made your heart to answer to some
other in his sight.
He scatters tears and laughter, he plays
with life and time;
He gives you half the stanza—but you
must find the rhyme.

REMINISCENCES OF A SOUTHERN LADY.

My Day: Reminiscences of a Long Life. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

Mrs. Pryor is decidedly the mistress of feminine Southern reminiscence—and we do not mean the title to suggest the sarcasm that dubbed Mrs. Malaprop Mistress of the Dictionary. If there are any two people now living who can recall personally more of what was characteristic and stirring and interesting in the life of the South during its most absorbing period than Gen. and Mrs. Pryor can, we should be at a loss to name them; and if there is any woman who can write of that time after a fashion at once so thoroughly Southern and so free from bitterness as Mrs. Pryor, we have not chanced upon her book. This is Mrs. Pryor's second volume of memories; and we cannot wonder that she has written twice—with such a life to write about. There is, of course, some repetition, since she here deals with the same years, the same scenes, and to some extent the same people, with which she dealt in her "Reminiscences of Peace and War"; but the supply of incident is not scant, the years and the people remain interesting. 'From the flower-gardens and serenades and old-fashioned gentilities of a Southern girlhood before the war to Washington and Richmond on the eve of the conflict, then through the very midst of the struggle, with its early triumphs, its growing gloom, its final supreme and lengthened agony at Petersburg, and then on into the new day of heroic rebuilding, regrowth, reconciliation—this is the course Mrs. Pryor leads her readers; for this has been the course of her life. To such a narrative it is hard to see how any American can be quite indifferent.

And it is all prattled out with a naïveté, a zest, a now conscious and now unconscious humor, a disregard of historical proportions and dates, and a piling up of praises and appreciations, such as only a woman of the old Southern tradition could possibly put into a book. One simply cannot conceive of a New England woman of Mrs. Pryor's class pouring into print such eulogies of her husband and children and other kinsfolk; yet somehow from Mrs. Pryor's pen they do not come amiss, and they will hardly be taken amiss. Until another Thucydides shall make the unlikeness of the Southern and the Yankee temperament as plain as the unlikeness of Athens to Sparta, such things will remain puzzling.

Yet from such utterly feminine things as these, and from countless enumerations of dear and cultivated and gracious women and adorable children and superb men, Mrs. Pryor can pass into narratives of suffering and heroism that are admirably simple and convincing. All culminates in her story of the Petersburg siege, from which one rises with no feeling but admiration and sympathy. As time goes on, all Americans will grow prouder and prouder of that story of unsurpassed fortitude and endurance; and no telling of it will be complete without such touches as Mrs. Pryor supplies. Here are glimpses of Lee and others of the Southern leaders that will stay in the memory; and other ghastlier sights as well. This, for instance, which Mrs. Pryor saw one horrible night, just after Petersburg fell, which she spent with her children in a ruined and filthy farm-house, surrounded by strange negroes:

> With untroubled consciences my children were sleeping. It was so dark in the room I could not see their faces, but I could touch them, and push the wet locks from their brows, as they lay in the close and heated atmosphere.
>
> I resumed my watch at the window, pressing my face close to the slats of the shutters. A pale half-moon hung low in the sky, turning its averted face from a suffering world. At a little distance I could see the freshly made soldier's grave which Aleck had discovered and reported. A heavy rain had fallen in the first hours of the night, and a stiff arm and hand now protruded from the shallow grave. To-morrow I would reverently cover the appealing arm, be it clad in blue or in gray, and would mark the spot. Now, as I sat with my fascinated gaze upon it, I thought of the tens of thousands, of the hundreds of thousands of upturned faces beneath the green sod of old Virginia. Strong in early manhood, grave, high-spirited men of genius, men whom their country had educated for her own defence in time of peril—they had died because that country could devise in her wisdom no better means of settling a family quarrel than the wholesale slaughter of her sons by the sword. And now? "Not until the heavens be no more shall they awake nor be raised out of their sleep."

When one has read all that she and her children endured while the war lasted, one is ready for an end of horhors and sufferings; but there were yet to follow years of extreme hardship and poverty, while Gen. Pryor slowly forced his way into a new career as a lawyer in New York city. It is a record to make one hesitate before saying a light word even of the "fire-eaters"—for in the fifties Gen. Pryor was regarded, the country over, as hardly second in that rôle to Yancey himself.

His and Mrs. Pryor's close associations with famous contemporaries have been extraordinarily numerous and diverse. There was Stephen A. Douglas, whom Pryor once seconded in a duel; William Walker, the filibuster chieftain, whom they entertained on the eve of his departure for Nicaragua; Lewis Cass, who came to their house in Washington late one night at the end of 1860, an old man of seventy-seven, bundled up in shawls and scarfs, and implored Pryor to do what he could to save the Union; Davis and many other of the foremost Confederates; Lincoln, whom Pryor, a prisoner on parole, saw at the White House in the winter of 1865; and finally, after the war, Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and other of the captains of the Union. The striking anecdote is never wanting about any one of them; and Mrs. Pryor is too good a Virginian to let it lose anything in the telling. Sherman alone comes in for reproach, and in this, it must be confessed, Mrs. Pryor is not unrepresentative of even the most liberal Southern opinion.

But the book is not all about soldiers and warfare—far from it. The closing chapters, for instance, are full of very recent New York; and there is, throughout, plenty of lightness to relieve the gloom. One of the best stories is this, of G. P. R. James, the English romancer, whom the Pryors knew in Washington before the war:

> One day he dashed in, much excited:
>
> "Have you seen the *Intelligencer*? By George, it's all true! Six times has my hero, a 'solitary horseman,' emerged from a wood! My word! I was totally unconscious of it! Fancy it! Six times! Well, it's all up with that fellow. He has got to dismount and enter on foot—a beggar, or burglar, or peddler, or at best a mendicant friar."
>
> "But," suggested one, "he might drive, mightn't he?"
>
> "Impossible!" said Mr. James. "Imagine a hero in a gig or a curricle!"
>
> "Perhaps," said one, "the word 'solitary' has given offence. Americans dislike exclusiveness. They are sensitive, you see, and look out for snobs."
>
> He made himself very merry over it; but the solitary horseman appeared no more in the few novels he was yet to write.

Woman's Work in English Fiction. By Clara H. Whitmore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

This book begins with the Restoration and ends in the mid-Victorian period, embracing feminine contributors to fiction from the Duchess of Newcastle to Mrs. Gaskell. It will occur to most masculine readers that the writers of importance here considered have been treated more fully and adequately elsewhere. But the courteous critic will

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keep that thought to himself, and cordially acknowledge that the point of view, the exclusion of men, and the impressive array of obscure notables—Mary Manley, Charlotte Lennox, Frances Sheridan, Catherine Grace Frances Gore, and the rest—give to Miss Whitmore's history something of the piquancy of "Cranford." At the same time, the work is not mere graceful semi-biographical gossip like Miss Repplier's charming "Happy Half-Century." It aspires to be a serious, continuous, and, indeed, contributive literary estimate, and as such it is open to criticism.

Miss Whitmore's most fundamental weakness as literary historian is a kind of transcendental indifference to chronology. She is bent on proving the priority of women in making all sorts of valuable innovations in fiction, and yet she discusses tendency after tendency through page after page without a date. Consequently her book bristles with terribly questionable "first appearances." For example, after quoting a passage from Mrs. Smith's "Old Manor House" (1793), she declares her the inventor of natural landscape—"such descriptions are not unusual now, but they were first used by Charlotte Smith." Again, of Mrs. Inchbald's "A Simple Story" (1791) she says, "It is the first novel in which we are more interested in what is felt than in what actually happens." One is tempted to call up the School Boy and ask him if he has ever heard of "The Man of Feeling." *After* Horace Walpole, two women, Clara Reeve and Mrs. Radcliffe, do seem for a time to take the lead in Gothic romance; but in assigning credit for new qualities in the fiction of the late eighteenth century Miss Whitmore, ignoring the time-spirit, frequently mistakes the general romantic and revolutionary liberation of emotion for a distinctly feminine impulse.

To be both critical and human is difficult, and Miss Whitmore is human. For the present purpose, perhaps, she has chosen the better part. After all, who cares for a critical account of the Duchess of Newcastle? "Her plays were well received," says our admiring and sympathetic author, and "No one can read this biography ["Life of the Duke of Newcastle," by his wife] without feeling the charm of the quaint, childlike personality of the Duchess of Newcastle." If any one desires another estimate of this lady's talents, he has only to open Pepys's "Diary" at March 30, 1667: "To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's called 'The Humourous Lovers'; the most silly thing that ever came upon the stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her"; and on March 18 of the following year Pepys expressed his opinion of her biography, "which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him."

If this case is at all typical, we have much to learn from feminine critics. Certainly Miss Whitmore is most entertaining when she consciously clashes with man-made reputations—when she declares that the plot of most of the fifteen realistic novels of Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, and Smollet is "practically the same," and expresses her contempt for their coarse subject matter, or when she wonders whether Harry Fielding regaled Mrs. Fielding "with the scenes he has described for his readers" and the sights he saw on his travels. "Probably," is her delightful conjecture, "when she asked him if anything had happened *en route*, he merely yawned and replied, 'Oh, nothing worth while.'" To do her justice, however, we must add that she finds even in Fanny Burney a certain antique and obsolete harshness: "Too often the laugh is at another's discomfiture, and so fails to please the present age with its kindlier feeling toward others." With Tolstoy on one side and Woman on the other, alas, who shall be saved?

Despatches from Paris, 1784-1790. Selected and edited from the Foreign Office Correspondence by Oscar Browning. Vol. I: 1784-1787. Camden Third Series. XVI. London.

From the papers of the Foreign Office in London Oscar Browning has edited for the Royal Historical Society a series of dispatches sent from Paris by the Duke of Dorset and other British ministers in France which are of the utmost interest. Unlike private correspondence, official dispatches are generally concise in form and temperate in tone, and in the cases before us the editor has wisely eliminated such portions of the letters as are of minor interest. The result is the equivalent of a running narrative of events, absorbing in the very simplicity and directness with which the great issues gradually appear and disappear and then appear again, rushing forward to a culmination. The climax is not reached in this volume, but the preliminaries are here, and though on the part of the British ministers there seems to have been no expectation of the great crisis to come, the mutterings of the storm can be distinctly heard. During 1786 the correspondents saw little but "perfect and profound tranquillity"; yet by the summer of 1787 "the disorders of the kingdom" had become so manifest that, despite the known opposition of the King which Hailes believed would bring the scheme to naught, the opinion gained ground that only a National Assembly could remedy the existing discontent.

Admirable pictures are given of the Assembly of Notables and its work, of the policy and independence of the Parlement of Paris, of the actions of other of the French Parlements, and of the recently summoned Provincial Assemblies, which Dorset thinks "are likely to be of great benefit to the nation," if only "the principle of liberty upon which they are founded" does not "extend itself beyond the bounds prescribed by the monarch." The first mention of the States-General is in Dorset's dispatch of July 12, 1787, referring to the meeting of Parlement of July 6, when "several of the members spoke with great freedom and twelve of them were of opinion that the States-General ought to be summoned at a conjuncture so critical as the present."

Among other interesting matters referred to in the earlier part of the volume are: the demand made by the Emperor for the opening of the Scheldt to Austrian vessels, in 1784 and 1785, a demand which troubled England very little at that time, though made a pretext for war when presented by France in 1792; the building of the harbor of Cherbourg, at an enormous expense and among many doubts of the practicability of the scheme, doubts that Napoleon was to set at rest forever, twenty years later; the early aviation projects of the Montgolfier brothers, who, declaring that they had learned how to steer their balloon, proposed at this time to open a regular traffic between northern and southern France, freighting their balloon with plate glass on the southern journey and with reams of paper on the return.

References to the United States are numerous, in some instances contributory to our knowledge of the period, and, in others, perhaps, contributory to our knowledge of ourselves. In the second class may be placed the following comment upon the badge of the order of the Cincinnati:

> It is a Blue Ribband, with a golden Eagle enamelled hanging to it, and worn at the button hole: the Motto on one side is, Omnia reliquit servare Rempublicam; on the reverse, Societas Cincinnatoria, and some other words, for which a boy of ten years old would have been flogged at Eton or Westminster.

The minister who wrote this had to take his turn at the game of repartee, when, in 1787, during a discussion of the proposed *Timbre* or Stamp Duty, a member rose in Parlement and said that M. de Calonne, who proposed the tax, "ought not to have so soon forgot that it was a Stamp Act, which occasioned America to shake off the yoke of the Mother Country," a remark which Dorset thought "highly indecent."

The most valuable piece of information furnished by these dispatches is one touching matters of trade and finance. Hailes's long letter of October 25, 1786, is a commentary showing considerable insight into the financial sit-

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uation of France: the extravagances of the court, the prodigality of the department of finance, the heavy and largely unsuccessful loans, the expenses of Cherbourg, and the immense works carried on in all the royal houses. Dorset elsewhere confirms the statements of his inferior. In considering French finances, the ministers are naturally drawn on to discuss trade and commerce, and endeavor to show how entirely the French missed their object in taking part in the American war. Hailes thought this object to have been the dividing with England of the commerce of the New World, for he cannot believe that "an enlightened and politic nation would have precipitated itself into a distressing and bloody war without hoping some more substantial advantages than the glory of rendering America independent." He declares that French trade with America after the war was so inconsiderable as to be unworthy of mention, and that, taking all the circumstances together, France had been as great a sufferer by the war as had Great Britain. Dorset's statement that since November, 1783, not one American vessel had been seen at Bordeaux, Marseilles, or other ports of the south, and that exportation to the West Indies had entirely ceased, is important from the standpoint of French revenues, but it is equally important from the standpoint of American trade in the early years of our country's independence. If Great Britain continued to monopolize American trade after the navigation acts ceased to apply to American commerce, and there is evidence elsewhere to corroborate Dorset's statements to that effect, then we may well believe that, contrary to the commonly received opinion, these same navigation acts did but little during the colonial period to hinder our commercial development.

The Relations of the United States and Spain—Diplomacy. By French Ensor Chadwick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

With singular fairness and dignity Rear-Admiral Chadwick has written the story of all our dealings with Spain. One may or may not accept his thesis that the Cuban war was written in the stars, but if the theory is to be refuted, the objector will not need to go beyond this book, so full is its documentation and so transparent its presentation of all matters of fact.

Spanish claims have been a sort of byword for more than a century, but the record of such negotiation and litigation is without wide significance. The real points of diplomatic debate between the United States and Spain have been the boundaries of Louisiana and the status of Cuba, although the recognition of the Latin-American republics has had, in the Monroe Doctrine, a more stately reverberation.

Naturally, the keenest interest attaches to the account of our dealings with Spain regarding Cuba. On the whole, the record does us credit. Spain during the half century of dispute persistently preferred *pundonor* to the real issue, whatever it might be; her agents readily committed stupid, provocative, and even sanguinary acts, which were grudgingly disavowed. A characteristic instance of Spanish myopia was the Virginius affair. The real point that horrified the world was the judicial massacre of a shipload of men. Spanish diplomacy, ignoring this moral issue, spent itself in tedious query as to the status of the ship. Were her American papers valid? In fact, the general course of Cuban negotiations suggests that the Foreign Office of Madrid, with all the sensibilities of a *caballero*, too often possessed the soul of a notary public. In striking contrast with the spasmodic conduct of Spanish negotiations is the firmness and moderation of such Secretaries of State as Hamilton Fish and Richard Olney. Either Grant or Cleveland, Admiral Chadwick thinks, could have brought on war by yielding to popular pressure and laying the Cuban matter before Congress. This was what President McKinley chose to do at the precise moment when his diplomatic battle was won.

Among the tragic malarrangements that abound in history, is there one more pathetic than the last days before the Cuban war? General Woodford, at Madrid, had most painstakingly opened the short-seeing eyes. A Ministry was in power that perceived the hopelessness of the Cuban situation and would go all lengths in concession. The Queen was actively enlisted on the side of peace. The seriousness of the emergency had at last found Spanish statesmen who could rise above *pundonor*. At this moment the very slightest grace from America might have secured peace with honor. But the indispensable element of time was lacking. The Spanish Ministry, in an inflamed state of public opinion, dared not go fast on the road of concession, and Mr. McKinley, for a similar reason, dared not be backward in demanding. At a certain point we have the tragic coincidence of the diplomatic battle wholly won at Madrid and the mind of a humane and Christian President suddenly fixed upon war as the only solution. A full week before the Presidential message which meant war was read to Congress, Mr. McKinley knew that through the mediation of the Pope the Queen would grant an unconditional armistice—the main issue of contention. Minister Woodford was confident that this meant peace Mr. McKinley made a short, cold, and evasive answer to the overture, and finally appended to his message a vague, misleading, and slurring reference to the matter. Spain, who, for the sake of peace, had thrown herself on our mercy, was represented to Congress as incorrigibly obstructive, and war ensued.

Admiral Chadwick, who treats this episode almost without comment, has nothing to say except that the surrender came too late. Indeed, it may have been merely a straw, but it is a straw at which Grant or Cleveland would have grasped. What induced Mr. McKinley to fail to play the last card for peace is still matter of conjecture. It may have been the sinister influence of the senile and prejudiced statesman nominally in charge of the State Department. One may imagine financial interests, whose influence had ruled in Cuban matters, having bound Mr. McKinley irrevocably to a war. But we must not over-indulge mere surmise. It is possible that the explanation is simpler. The chagrin at finding that an unexpected move of the opponent has made waste-paper of a momentous document—such reasons have often provoked an exaggerated stubbornness, both in scholars and statesmen; mere inertia—the inability to revise a strenuous decision—counts for much. So apparently alien a motive as the resentment of a good Methodist at Papal interference is not to be utterly dismissed. But behind any of these possible motives lies Mr. McKinley's temperamental inability to distinguish between the voice of the people which is the echo of base journalism and the voice of the people which is also that of God. The struggle may or may not have been inevitable; but history can never clear Mr. McKinley's memory from the disrepute of casting upon the tender mercies of an inflamed Congress, and there misrepresenting, a generous nation which had made every concession ever demanded by his predecessors or by Mr. McKinley himself.

Points of special interest in Admiral Chadwick's able review of the Cuban imbroglio are his equitable partition of the blame for the awful state of the island between Spain and the insurgents, and his conviction that the Maine was blown up from outside. Cuba was a hell, but the insurgents had willed it to be so. The Spanish repression did not disregard the laws of war, but simply used the stern measures dictated by a desperate situation. It is time that these truths should be said by authoritative lips. Admiral Chadwick's view of the Maine disaster is weighty, for he now tells that he went to Havana as a commissioner expecting to find evidence of an internal explosion.

Without falling back too complacently on fate or providence, it is fair to recall the broader moral issue of Cuba. The island, from whatever cause, was a moral offence and a permanent peril to us. The obvious responsibility for an intolerable state of affairs lay with Spain. Our people, if the viler journalism and the horrible fate of the Maine

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counted for much, were also greatly moved by a genuine and worthy compassion for suffering, and by a real if perhaps excessive moral indignation. It is true that in Mr. McKinley's time the negotiations were often conducted with small regard for Spanish sensibilities—Mr. Woodford's local dealings being in honorable contrast to the temper of his home advices; but it is also true that for a quarter of a century Spain had signally failed to understand the disinterestedness and moral righteousness of the American attitude. Until too late she regarded every plea for humanity as if it were a routine move in a sharp political game. If Mr. McKinley treated the overture of the Queen with wilful or ignorant disregard of its import, a similar fate had befallen a score of similarly humane representations from Washington in time past. This does not excuse Mr. McKinley, but it may help rehabilitate that Providence which, if it has indeed directed the dealings of Spain and the United States, has surely had its slumberous intervals. The broader moral of this excellent book is the duty that nations have to understand each other.

The Medici. By Col. G. F. Young, C. B. With portraits and illustrations, in two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.

This well-printed and fully illustrated work is, we believe, the first that gives the whole history of the Medici family, and with this statement any specific merit is acknowledged once for all. Col. Young is a diligent but rather undiscriminating compiler. All authorities seem to look pretty much alike to him. His style is usually without grace or motion, and he lacks the gift of articulating quoted passages with his own text. Still the book gains in dignity and skill as it goes on, and the lives of the later Medici begin to reveal some of the gifts of the philosophical and literary historian.

On the narrowly historical side the work is adequate. One may feel that the lives of the older Medici have been told many times and better, but the plan of the book required a repetition that is not wholly vain. On the side of the history of art, the author indulges a tendency to link all important pictures with current events. Here he frequently gives his unsupported inferences the weight of facts. In particular his exposition of the pictures of Botticelli plays havoc with the chronology of that artist as ascertained by the study of his style. Still there are suggestive contributions in this matter. Col. Young shows that Mr. Herbert Horne's theory that Botticelli's Spring and Venus were painted for the Villa of Castello, owned by Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici, rests on an unproved assumption, and he draws an interesting analogy hitherto overlooked between the title of the Primavera and Lorenzo the Magnificent's motto in the joust of 1475—*Le temps revient.* All this matter still awaits a final interpretation. Col. Young is more prolific in queries than in solutions.

The very full illustration of these volumes, especially as regards portraiture, is an attractive feature. In some cases, the author is careless in accepting bad traditional attributions; elsewhere, he offers inferior posthumous effigies when life portraits are to be found in the fifteenth century paintings; but in the main this is a remarkable pictorial chronicle of a family whose faces are treasure-trove to the physiognomist.

Clearly the most interesting part of the work is that devoted to the later Medici. The services of the inexorable Cosimo I to art and commerce are, perhaps, fairly well understood, but who realizes how much the galleries of the Uffizi and Pitti owe to those admirable brothers Ferdinando II, Giovanni Carlo, and Leopoldo? What enthusiast grasps the fact that, on the dying out of the line, but for the liberality of the Electress Anna Ludovica, the chief treasures of the Uffizi, Pitti, Bargello, Archæological Museum, and National and Laurentian Libraries, might have been dispersed? It was she who dedicated them formally to Tuscany and to the world. In fact, the persistent strain in the stock was the love of art and scholarship. Long after priestly tutors had emasculated the line, they remained enlightened patrons of literature, art, and science. This is their enduring glory, for what the elder Medici and the ruthless Cosimo, Grand Duke, achieved in a political way soon crumbled. No lasting political fabric could be reared on the shifting sands of the Florentine temperament.

Col. Young is the avowed apologist of the Medici, at times beyond discretion. We agree with him that no member of the family ever destroyed any liberty that was worth respect. Except for Cosimo I, the greatest of the race ruled by consent of the people. It is well also to dispel the false impression that the Medici were monsters of vice. As the times went, they were, for the most part, rather scrupulous folk, both in their public and private morality. Yet it evinces either ignorance of the facts, or lack of judgment, to say that the licentiousness of Shakespeare's works and of Lorenzo de' Medici's is on a par. We can only conclude that our author knows the Magnificent Lorenzo in discreet selections that exclude his frank pornography. One could wish that this laborious work had been done with greater scholarship and literary tact. As it is, its completeness and convenience for reference are likely to insure it popularity.

Around Afghanistan. By Major de Bouillane de Lacoste. With a preface by M. Georges Leygues. Translated from the French by J. G. Anderson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

This is a record of the author's fifth journey in Asia. The circuit of the forbidden territories of the Amir of Kabul was made by going on the Transcaspian Railway to its eastern terminus and thence across the Pamirs, or "Roof of the World," over the Himalayas at the Karakoram Pass into Kashmir. Northern India was traversed by rail, and then came the desert regions of Baluchistan and the fluvial oases of Persian Seistan. Major de Lacoste writes in an entertaining way of the various noteworthy incidents of his journey, and describes vividly the striking characteristics of the life of the people whom he saw. But a large part of the countries traversed partook of the nature of the Pamirs, the first impression of which was "a cold and dismal solitude. The earth is bare, the sky void. A continuous wind which whistles lugubriously, sweeps everything on its way, and raises in blinding columns a coarse sand which darkens the horizon. Nothing exists, nothing lives." In view of this, it is hardly surprising to read that in the similarly denuded and desolate plains of Baluchistan, where in ancient times famines occurred every five or six years, the natives built their houses of uncemented stones with a cupola supported by a central pillar, fashioned to a point at both ends. "When the famine became such that it was no longer possible to live, the head of the family assembled all who were in the house around the fragile pillar, then he would call upon the superior divinities, and putting his shoulder to it, like another Samson pulling down the house, he buried under the brutal heap of granite his smiling descendants, whom he thus sent to appease their hunger in eternity."

A novel invention of a Baluchi was the making "in the moist sand a little tunnel ten centimetres long, at one end of which I saw him put a pinch of tobacco, which he lighted; then, stretching himself on the ground, he placed his lips at the other end, and made a long inhalation of warm smoke. Our interpreter, who had no more cigarette paper, had just invented the desert-pipe."

Georges Leygues, member of several French Ministries, introduces the book to its readers with an appreciative preface in which he discusses the Asiatic problem of Russian and British interests. The work of the translator, J. G. Anderson, has been exceedingly well done. There are reproductions of seventy-five photographs which, with five route-maps, add much to the value and attractiveness of the book.

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Notes.

Macmillan & Co. of London announce a new library edition of Walter Pater's works in ten volumes, the first of which will be issued in April.

Deltus M. Edwards has been engaged by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. to prepare a book which presents the human side of Arctic exploration from the earliest expeditions to the achievements of Peary.

"The History of Kings County, Nova Scotia," by Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, "giving a sketch of the French and their expulsion, and a history of the New England planters who came in their stead, with many genealogies," is soon to be published by the Salem (Mass.) Press Co.

In addition to the books already mentioned in the *Nation*, the following are some of the spring publications announced by the Macmillan Company: Fiction—"A Brood of the Eagle," by James Lane Allen; "Jim Hands," by Richard Washburn Child; "A Modern Chronicle," by Winston Churchill; "The Undesirable Governess," by F. Marion Crawford; "A Life for a Life," by Robert Herrick; "Lost Face," by Jack London; "Kings in Exile," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "An Interrupted Friendship," by Ethel Lillian Voynich; "Nathan Burke," by Mary S. Watts; "An Unwilling Minerva," by Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright. Literature and Drama—"The Book of Easter," with an Introduction by Bishop Doane; "The Nigger," a play by Edward Sheldon; "The Rôle of Self in Mental Healing," by Dr. J. W. Courtney; "A History of Classical Philology," by Harry Thurston Peck. Travel and Outdoor Books—"The Picturesque St. Lawrence," by Clifton Johnson; "Practical Farming," by Dr. John McLennan; "How to Keep Bees for Profit," by D. E. Lyon; "How to Keep Hens for Profit," by C. S. Valentine; "Manual of Gardening," by L. H. Bailey. Music and Art—"Groves Dictionary of Music," revised and enlarged under the editorship of J. Fuller Maitland; "Design in Theory and Practice," by Ernest A. Batchelder. History and Biography—"The American Merchant Marine," by John R. Spears; "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road," by H. Addington Bruce; "The Last American Frontier," by Frederick L. Paxson; "The History of Mexico," by Justo Sierra and H. N. Branch; "Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War," by Prof. E. D. Fite of Yale University; "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," edited by James Curtis Ballagh, professor of American history in Johns Hopkins University; "The Life of Lord Kelvin." by Sylvanus P. Thompson. Religion and Philosophy—"Building a Working Faith," by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis; "Studies in Religion and Theology," by A. M. Fairbairn, principal of Mansfield College, Oxford; "The Gospel and the Modern Man," by Shailer Mathews, professor of Historical and Comparative Theology at the University of Chicago: "The Development of Religion," by Prof. Irving King of the University of Iowa; "The Ethics of Jesus," by Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College; "Religion in the Making," by Dr. Samuel G. Smith of the University of Minnesota; The Bible for Home and School Series, edited by Shailer Mathews: "The Epistles to the Colossians and to the Ephesians," by Gross Alexander, and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew," by Prof. A. T. Robertson; "The Religion of the Chinese," by Dr. J. J. M. De Groot; "The Religions of Eastern Asia," by Horace G. Underwood; "The Duty of Altruism," by Roy Madding McConnell. Politics and Economics—"Day in Court, or the Subtle Arts of Great Advocates," by Francis Wellman; "Democracy and the Party System," by M. Ostrogorski; "The Old Order Changeth," by William Allen White; "Revolution," by Jack London; "Principles of American Government," by Prof. C. A. Beard; "Great Cities in America: Their Problems and Their Government," by Delos F. Wilcox; "Wage-Earning Women," by Annie Marion MacLean, professor of sociology in Adelphi College. Scientific and Technical—Rural Text-Book Series, edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University, "The Physiology of Plant Production," by J. F. Duggar; Rural Science Series, edited by Professor Bailey, "Fruit-Growing in Arid Regions." Educational—"The Cyclopedia of Education," edited by Paul Monroe, Ph.D., professor of history of education Teachers College, Columbia University; to be completed in five or six volumes; volume I.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the following spring publications: Fiction—"The Green Mouse," by Robert W. Chambers; "White Magic," by David Graham Phillips; "The Depot Master," by Joseph C. Lincoln; "The Gilded Chair," by Melville Davisson Post; "Tony's Wife," by George Gibbs. Juvenile—"On the Trail of Washington," by Frederick Trevor Hill. History and Biography—"A History of the People of the United States" (Vol. VII, bringing the work up to 1852), by John Bach McMaster; "An Admiral's Log," by Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, U.S.N. (retired); "The Real Francis Joseph: The Private Life of the Emperor of Austria," by Henri de Weindel (English version by Philip W. Sergeant); "The Last Days of the Emperor," by Paul Frémeaux; "République France," by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly; "Queen Christina of Sweden," by I. A. Taylor. Travel and Sport—"The Big Game of Africa," by Richard Tjäder; "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena," by H. J. Mozans; "George Grenfell and the Congo," by Sir Henry Johnston; "Travel and Sport in Turkestan," by Capt. J. N. Price Wood. Science—A new uniform edition of the works of Herbert Spencer, in eighteen volumes; Appleton's Science Primers, edited by J. Reynolds Green: "Astronomy," by F. W. Dyson, professor of astronomy in the University of Edinburgh; "Geology," by J. W. Gregory, professor of geology in the University of Glasgow, and "Physiology," by Professor Sherrington, of the University of Liverpool; "Descriptive Meteorology," by Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau; "Aerial Navigation," by Alfred F. Zahm, professor of theoretical and applied mechanics, Catholic University of America; "Music: Its Laws and Evolution," by Jules Combarieu, lecturer at the Collège de France (translated by Joseph Skellon); "The Modern Science of Languages" by H. Cantley Wyld, professor of science, Liverpool University (in the International Scientific Series); "A History of Birds." by H. O. Forbes, reader in ethnography, Liverpool University (in the International Scientific Series). Miscellaneous—"The Southern South," by Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of history at Harvard University; "Race Distinctions in American Law" (this title may be changed), by Gilbert T. Stephenson; "The Story of Sugar," by G. T. Surface, instructor in Yale University; "A Manual of Nursing," by Margaret Frances Donahoe, superintendent of nurses and principal of Training School, Philadelphia General Hospital; "Nutrition and Dietetics," by Winfield S. Hall, M.D.; "The Conquest of Disease Through Animal Experimentation," by James P. Warbasse, M.D., chief surgeon of the German Hospital, consulting surgeon to the Seney M. E. Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Psychology of Reasoning," by Prof. W. B. Pillsbury, University of Michigan; "The American Hope," by William Morse Cole, assistant professor of accounting in Harvard University; "The American Public Library," by Arthur E. Bostwick; "The Reconstruction of the English Church," by R. G. Usher, instructor in History, Washington University.

It is announced that *Putnam's Magazine* will suspend publication with the April issue, when it will be combined with the *Atlantic Monthly*. The original magazine of this name was founded in 1853 by George William Curtis, and was suspended in 1857, having numbered among its famous contributors Lowell, Thoreau, Longfellow, Stoddard, and Stedman. As revived in 1906, it represented the absorption of the *Literary World*, the *Reader*, and the *Critic*, the last named founded in 1881 by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder and Joseph B. Gilder, and published at first fortnightly, then weekly, and, finally, as a monthly. Mr. Gilder had been editor of *Putnam's* since its revival, and Miss Gilder had contributed "The Lounger" department of comment and gossip. Miss Gilder and Mr. Gilder will discontinue their connection with the magazine upon its suspension.

Notes on determination of position near the Poles, by Arthur R. Hinks of Cambridge University, and the discussion upon the paper when read before the Royal Geographical Society by some of the most eminent polar explorers and distinguished cartographers, are published in the *Geographical Journal* for March. The difficulties of getting accurate observations, that of the meridian altitude of the sun for instance, are very clearly shown, and the fact is emphasized that "published accounts of the details of polar observations are scanty." A chivalrous people is described by Douglas Carruthers in an account of a recent journey in Northwestern Arabia, a region still almost unknown to the outside world. So little intercourse do the Arab nomads have with other peoples that "camels are their sole means of exchange." The different tribes virtually live by robbing each other, but "in the case of battle near an encampment, it is a recognized thing that neither party enters the camp. The fight is carried on according to certain rules well away from the camp, and does not endanger the lives of the women and children, who are left behind to look after the camels." Killing not being the aim of the fight, it is really very like playing a game, rough, says the well-known traveller, David Hogarth, but "perhaps not even so rough as

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football after the American fashion." An interesting discovery was the remains of a large khan far away out in the sterile desert, showing that here was probably the ancient trade route between Egypt and the Persian Gulf.

Benedetto Croce, whose "Æsthetics" in its English dress has attracted unusual attention in England, and has drawn from Mr. A. J. Balfour a striking compliment in his recent Romanes Lecture, has supplemented this work by a volume of "Problemi di Estetica" (Bari: G. Laterza & figli), dealing with various problems connected with the theory and history of æsthetics. Among the fifty or more essays in the book may be mentioned those on Criticism and Literary History, Plagiarism, Comparative Literature, The Theory of Literary Style, Technique and Art, The Definitions of Romanticism, Humor, The Search for Literary Sources, and The Æsthetics of Gravina. Signor Croce has just received the highest honor which can be conferred on an Italian: he has been elected a Senator for life.

To the small well-printed books of the world's classics the Oxford University Press (New York: Henry Frowde) has added "Sylvia's Lovers," by Mrs. Gaskell. In the opinion of some this is her masterpiece, being of larger scope than the more famous "Cranford," and more passionately conceived than "Wives and Daughters." It is the fifth of her books to be taken into this handy edition. Clement K. Shorter provides a brief introduction suggesting the background of actual history in this tale of old Whitby.

After an interval of three years, Miss Jessie L. Weston has published the second part of her study on the "Legend of Sir Perceval," her two volumes constituting, respectively, the seventeenth and the nineteenth numbers of Mr. Nutt's Grimm Library. The first part dealt primarily with the Perceval story as treated by Chrétien de Troyes and his continuator, Wauchier de Denain, but it set forth also the author's general view of the history of the cycle. In the present volume, the starting-point is the prose "Perceval," known commonly as the Didot version from the name of the only manuscript hitherto published. Miss Weston prints from the Modena manuscript of the same document what proves to be a much better text, and subjects it to a careful analysis as regards both form and substance. She makes out a good case for the propositions that the prose "Perceval" is based upon a metrical version, and that this latter was the work of Robert de Borron. The greater part of the volume is taken up with the French text, which runs to more than a hundred pages, and with the discussion of its contents. The later chapters, which are frankly of a more speculative character, undertake to trace the whole history of the Grail tradition, deriving it in the first place from nature cults of the ancient Celts, and explaining many features of its symbolism by parallels from occult mysticism, both pagan and Christian. The development, if of the sort Miss Weston supposes, would be hard to trace (she describes it herself as a current that flowed underground); and the evidence she uses, derived in part from an anonymous informant, who is a "practising mystic," is not easy to control. But while, to the exoteric mind, at least, it is far from sufficient to prove her whole theory, it deserves serious examination.

The Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States, compiled by Adelaide R. Hasse and published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, has been advanced a step nearer completion with the issue of the seventh volume dealing with Illinois. In all essential particulars, the material listed is the same as that in previous volumes, consisting of the printed reports of administrative officers, legislative committees, special commissions of the States, and Governors' messages for the period since 1809. The Index also undertakes to supply volume and page references to all material of economic importance which the listed works contain, except only the reports of the bureaus of labor, already indexed in a volume published in 1902, by the late Carroll D. Wright. The material for Illinois offered certain peculiarities requiring slight adaptation of method in this case, but in the main the volume performs for that State what has already been accomplished for the six States previously treated.

In a monograph entitled "The Transition in Illinois from British to American Government" Dr. Robert Livingstone Schuyler has made a scholarly contribution to the history of a portion of the old West. He has given a brief but well-balanced and impartial account of an early phase of westward expansion—the breaking down of the first American frontier, and the overthrow of British control in the region west of the Wabash. Taken in connection with the writings of Professors Turner, Alvord, and Carter, and with the publications of the Illinois State Historical Society, this work points to a more scientific treatment of a phase of American history that has hitherto been dealt with in separate fragments, largely from a local point of view. Except in the articles referred to above, little attempt has been made in the past to study British policy during the period after 1763 in the region ceded by the French in the treaty of Paris, or to connect local administration there with the governmental activities in Whitehall. Even Dr. Schuyler leaves something to be desired in this respect, for he does not appear to have made any appreciable use of other than printed material. Certainly, the history of British Illinois cannot be adequately handled unless one has access to records in Ottawa, Washington, Philadelphia, and London. Carefully as Dr. Schuyler has done his work, his conclusions can hardly be considered definitive. It seems a questionable policy for a student aiming to fulfil the requirements for the doctor's degree to select a subject that he is unable to develop in all its bearings. As a preliminary investigation demonstrating the author's competency to do good historical work, this study is deserving of commendation, but Dr. Schuyler should have been more outspoken in his preface regarding its incompleteness (Columbia University Press).

About the Boston of John Hancock and his Dorothy Q. it would be difficult to write a bad book, so inherently entertaining is the record itself. But Mary Caroline Crawford, in "Old Boston Days and Ways, from the Dawn of the Revolution Until the Town Became a City" (Little, Brown & Co.), has retold this familiar story with spirit and tact, communicating unpretentiously a considerable amount of original and documentary matter. She is a discreet enthusiast for old times, perceiving clearly enough certain human defects both in the Revolutionary populace and in its heroes. There are abundant illustrations of an authoritative sort, none more welcome than those likenesses of grave citizens and fair women which Copley made for so many Boston homes. Miss Crawford has written other books in this vein of genial yet not uncritical antiquarianism, but has never before dealt with so compact and important a theme. She has acquitted herself creditably in the broader as in the narrower task.

The teaching of Jesus, according to the synoptic Gospels, finds sympathetic treatment in "The Ethic of Jesus," by Rev. James Stalker, D.D. (A. C. Armstrong & Son). For thirty years, since his popular "Life of Christ," Dr. Stalker has contributed wisely and constructively to the extension of knowledge concerning the New Testament. He is an evangelical, moderately progressive, possessed of fine balance of judgment, gentle religious spirit, and appreciation of what is most worth teaching. His writings are semi-popular, and the present volume is distinguished by sane portrayal of the evangelical doctrine of duty, virtue, and the highest good. His chapters on sin and repentance are of special excellence, and his analysis of what the Gospels contain and do not contain in the way of social doctrine is particularly timely. His argument that Jesus was a teacher of religion, not a social reformer, is well supported.

"For twenty-five years and more," Dr. C. A. Briggs, as he tells us in the preface to his "Church Unity" (Scribner), "has labored in behalf of" that ideal, and he has gathered together in this volume fifteen studies bearing more or less directly upon the subject, including The Historic Episcopate, The Validity of Orders, Infallibility, The Sacraments, The Theological Crisis, especially in America, The Constitutional Crisis in the Church of England, The Passing and the Coming Christianity. Most of the essays have already appeared in print, and it is to be regretted that the dates and places of publication are not given. The volume, as Dr. Briggs says, "is an earnest effort to solve the hard problems of Church Unity and to reconcile the various parties to the controversies which distract Christendom." His zeal and sincerity of purpose and the learning which he brings to his task are unquestionable, and the value of some of the studies is great. The book will find many sympathetic readers who will gain both instruction and inspiration from it. But that it will materially forward the cause so dear to the author's heart it is difficult to believe. The futility of all efforts for organic church unity becomes more apparent with every passing year. Church unity indeed is not likely ever to be restored so long as it is made an end in itself. Only when some great cause so lays hold upon the conscience and the imagination of all Christendom that Christians everywhere forget the Church in their eagerness to give themselves to the common task, only then will existing differences cease to divide.

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A valuable work, the first volume of which has just been published (Berlin: Martin Warneck), is Dr. Conrad Müller's "Bismarck's Mutter und ihre Ahnen." It is well shown that the intellectual qualities and distinctive traits of character, which distinguished the first German imperial chancellor, and contributed to his brilliant success as a statesman, were inherited from his mother, Wilhelmine Menken, and her ancestors, and not from the Bismarck progenitors. The marked influence of the maternal lineage is clearly and conclusively set forth in the record of Bismarck's youth, to which the present volume is confined, and will be still more manifest in the delineation of his later development and political activity.

Jean Maurice Prou, who succeeds Henri Weil as a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, was born at Sens in 1861. He is a librarian in the Cabinet de Médailles of the Bibliothèque Nationale, professor of diplomatics at the Ecole des Chartes and editor of *Le Moyen Age*, and has published "Les Monnaies carolingiennes," and "Recueil des actes de Philippe Ier," and other works on numismatics and history.

David Alexander Munro, assistant editor of the *North American Review*, died on March 9 at the age of sixty-five. He was a native of Maryburgh, Ross-shire, Scotland, graduated at the University of Edinburge, and then came to New York and entered the editorial department of Harper & Bros. From 1887 to 1889 he was the publisher of *Garden and Forest*. In 1889 he became general manager of the *North American Review* and from 1896 until 1899 was the editor. Since then Mr. Munro had been assistant editor under Col. George Harvey. He supervised the collation and transmission of American contributions to the last edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, and collaborated with Dr. Philip Schaff in preparing the "Companion to the Study of the Greek New Testament."

Eben Alexander, professor of ancient languages at the University of Tennessee from 1873 to 1886, of Greek at the University of North Carolina from 1886 to 1893 and since 1897, died at Knoxville last Friday at the age of fifty-nine. He was United States minister to Greece, Rumania, and Servia from 1893 to 1897.

Arthur John Butler, widely known as a Dante scholar, died on February 26, at the age of sixty-five. He was professor of the Italian language and literature in the University College, London, though he had had several other interests, notably a connection with the Cassell's publishing house from 1887 to 1894, when he became assistant commissioner in education; while in recent years he had been employed in the Record Office editing calendars of foreign state papers from 1577 onwards. His principal work was a translation of the "Divina Commedia," with a commentary, and a translation of Scartazzini's "Companion to Dante," while he himself wrote a serviceable book on "Dante: His Times and Work." He had also translated the memoirs of Marbot and Thiébault and the "Correspondence of Cavour," and had charge of the English rendering of Busch's "Memoirs of Bismarck." He was a frequent contributor to the *Athenæum*.

Marie-Henri-Arbois de Jubainville, professor of the Celtic language at the Collège de France since 1882, died recently in Paris, at the age of eighty-three. Some of his earlier historical work won for him membership in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres in the place left vacant by the death of François Lenormant. Since 1882 he had been editor of the *Revue Celtique*, and he had also published "Le Droit Celtique," in two volumes, which remains an authority on the custumals of the Bretons; "Les premiers habitants de l' Europe," an example of exact scholarship based on dated text rather than archæological or anthropological research.

Gustave Janicot, who died recently in Paris, had been connected with *La Gazette de France* for more than sixty years. He had written novels, and much dramatic criticism under the pseudonym, Edmond Rack.

Charles Joliet, who had contributed frequently to French periodicals, died recently at the age of seventy-six. His publications include "Les Pseudonymes du jour," "Curiosités des lettres, des sciences, et des arts," and "Romans incohérents"; and he also wrote a successful comedy, "La Bougie rose," which was presented at the Théâtre Français.

A. Caland, tutor of English in the State High School at Wageningen, in the Netherlands, died there recently at the age of fifty-five. He had been a voluntary and valued contributor to the Oxford English Dictionary.

Science.

Botany of To-day. By G. F. Scott Elliot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

In these days of extreme specialization, it is increasingly difficult to get a general view of any comprehensive subject. The work of coördination is always embarrassing, because each specialist naturally insists upon the great importance of his own field. The author who sets about the preparation of a popular treatise on any subject, nowadays, must expect harsh criticism from every investigator whose work he may happen to leave out of account, and hence many good coördinators are deterred from undertaking popular exposition.

The present English work on the "Botany of To-day" is reassuring. It shows that the art of popularizing science in the best sense has not been wholly lost. The author presents the chief features of a large district of scientific research in an attractive manner and with very few mistakes of proportion or perspective. Moreover the reader is led along the paths of survey by a guide who walks with an easy swing and with no fear of a mild jest now and then. Thus, in speaking of the Fern alliance, in the Coal periods, one of the most puzzling groups in nature, he says:

But the real difficulties and dangers of this chapter begin when one tries to give even a sketchy impression of the great and important discoveries which have been made by many English botanists, who have laboriously examined the actual plants which lived in the forest. So far we have been, intentionally, as vague as possible about them.

Again, in regard to a minute phosphorescent alga, pyrocystis, concerning which

a curious experiment is recorded which may yet have a practical application. One fills an ordinary tumbler one-third full of alcohol (this is more than three fingers or a third mate's peg, as it is sometimes described), and then adds as much seawater with pyrocystis as it will hold. If one then gently shakes or jars the tumbler, the pyrocystis will glow with most unusual brilliancy for a time, not exceeding four minutes; they then sink to the bottom of the tumbler and remain very quiet, indeed, for a very lengthened period!

The author has travelled extensively and has made good use of his advantages. From some of the experiences in mid-Africa a good deal of illustrative material is brought, and this is employed in a telling manner. Any traveller who has had to rough it in the tropics and in deserts, gets a good deal of nonsense knocked out of him and sound sense comes to take its place. As is to be expected, the author treats the subject of bacteria in their relations to health and disease in a very judicious manner, putting the reader fully on guard, but not frightening him too much. Thus, after the account of the bacterial friends and foes, we have the following which is well worth quoting.

When exploring a well or rubbish-pit, belonging to the Gallo-Roman period, M. Baudouin discovered some suspicious mud. In this, he found several dangerous disease-bacteria, and kindly points out that by living in a half-comatose condition, they were still prepared to start a dangerous epidemic, after 1,800 years in the bottom of a well. Fortunately, eminent bacteriologists hastened to reassure the public mind, by declaring that these bacteria were only our own contemporaries, who had got into the well with the rain-water. So that this awful foreboding of a thousand-year-old bacteria still waiting to prey on us need not alarm the most sensitive person.

The wide range of this admirable book may be seen from the following partial list of chapters: Seaweeds and Leaf-Green; The First Land Plants; Reconquest of the Water; Sense-Life and Sensibility; Seaside and Strand Plants; Ants and Mites; Electricity, Radium, and X-Rays; Arable Land; Fortunate Islands; Plant-Breeding; On Evil in Small Doses.

The chapter on the reconquest of the water reminds one of the best work of that famous popularizer, Grant Allen. After getting the plants fairly established on land, following their early development as aquatics, he seems to think

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that turn about is fair play, and he shows, like other œcologists, that these terrestrial plants again invade the water, and become adapted to the changed conditions there, constituting morasses and the like on an enormous scale. Under the heading Sense-Life and Sensibility, the author discusses the general subject of the irritability of protoplasm and its amazing phenomena. The chapter on ants gives us the most interesting facts relative to the interaction between ants and plants, and deals in a delightful manner with the contrivances by which certain plants manage to support a standing army of defenders to ward off the leaf-cutting enemies. He speaks in a feeling way of "ants' inhumanity to ants that makes countless thousands mourn, for it is other insects of their own kind that these fierce body guards are intended to keep away." The fortunate islands are the tropical homes of the myriad forms of vegetation which fill every nook of available space. In this account the author goes with much skill over the phenomena and forms which have fascinated every student of abundant equatorial life. The chapter on Evil in Small Doses is devoted to the important matter of plant diseases. Thus it will be seen that the author has covered many of the more interesting, as well as the more important subjects.

The photographic illustrations do not fit the text very well. The two that show the manufacture of maple sugar in Canada, exhibit amusingly primitive methods. Here and there one may notice a slip in proof reading, for example, where mile is given for millimetre; and occasionally, the construction is somewhat obscure; but these trifles are pardonable in so good a book with so full an index. Finally, the book is up to date. Most of even the recent advances in the different portions of the field of plant activities are given in detail so that a careful perusal of the treatise will place even an unscientific reader in possession of much of the latest information.

The "Vital Economy" of Dr. John H. Clarke (A. Wessels) is the new "American" edition of a little book which attracted some attention a year or so ago. The only change seems to be a brief appendix to meet certain criticisms. The book is intended for readers who have no great store of strength to spare and who should learn not to waste what little they still have. The advice is, however; not without value to the stronger brethren who follow popular idols. Dr. Clarke treats of the tyranny of the tub and the damage done by soap, the possibility of too great zeal for fresh air, the over-estimation of exercise, the harmfulness of stimulants, the wastefulness of worry—all this in a sketchy, somewhat superficial manner, yet with a certain conviction calculated to impress many who need just such advice. Some of the opinions of the author about bodily magnetism and vitality are heterodox, and also quite false, belonging to a time which the modern medical man is glad to think has been left far behind; but these do not seriously mar the presentation of the doctrine which his experience tells him he ought to preach.

Shinrokuro Miyoshi, professor of naval architecture at the Kobu Daigakko, died last January in Tokio, at the age of fifty-three. He drafted the first shipbuilding regulations for Japan, and most of the naval architects of that country received their first instruction from him.

Drama.

Dante and Beatrice. By Sara King Wiley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

This poetic drama is the last work of the late Mrs. Wiley, and is so full of literary and dramatic promise that the stroke of death seems particularly cruel. On its dramatic side, indeed, the play is weak, so far as its fitness for theatrical representation is concerned; for although it contains some poignant situations, and tells a continuous and perfectly intelligible story to the reader, it often shows a complete disregard for stage necessities. It would have to be recast before it could be successfully acted. But it is a moving bit of romance, in which the spirit of the period is vividly reflected, and historic facts are skilfully used as the foundation of a passionate, eloquent, and dignified story. Evidently Mrs. Wiley had studied her subject reverently. In drawing her Beatrice and her Dante she has produced two figures, which intellectually and spiritually are not unworthy of the great originals. That she has endowed the youthful Dante with the spirit of prophecy and with the attributes of his later years is a liberty easily permissible to poetic license. At all events, she has succeeded in approaching verisimilitude where the veteran and erudite archtrickster Sardou failed utterly.

The illusion which she creates is literary and psychological, independent of scenic aid. Dante first appears as a young and popular poet refusing to take active part in the fierce faction fights of Guelf and Ghibelline. Then he encounters Beatrice on the bridge, and in the following scene meets her in the house of Simone dei Bardi. She, knowing him her worshipper and venerating his nobility of soul, begs him to show her how she may best fulfil her ambition to save the world; whereupon he, hailing her as "a mirror of celestial light," bursts into a prophetic rhapsody—one of the most stirring passages of the book, glowing with poetic and patriotic spirit—in which he welcomes a prospective life of martyrdom for Florence, if only he may speak and live. Beatrice, in like exalted mood, prays that the souls of the glorious dead may inspire his song. They part as unpledged lovers, but presently Beatrice's father, old Portinari—who mistrusts poets—tells her that she must wed Simone, and she, apparently hoping to avoid that fate, bids Dante seek glory in the field.

It is in the camp that Dante, now renowned as a warrior, hears of Portinari's death and Beatrice's marriage. Maddened, he seeks the latter in her husband's house, and, in a scene of notable eloquence, upbraids her with the seeming treachery that has shattered his faith and sunk him in despair. She reminds him that there had been no proffer of love or exchange of betrothal, and when he, recalling desperately the unspoken bond between them, urges her to flee, rebukes him with a noble austerity and vigor that subdue him utterly. Rallying, he craves pardon for his offence, declaring that henceforth his imperishable love shall have in it no trace of earth. And so they part, Beatrice promising that at the last he shall receive a message from her. In the final scene Dante, in a tumult of rebellion and despair at the news of Beatrice's death, receives from the faithful but reluctant Simone her dying permission to kiss her dead lips, and is comforted. The play closes with an exultant soliloquy in which Dante conjures up the vision of Beatrice in Paradise and proclaims her the guiding star of his future.

This skeleton sketch is given simply as an indication of the nature of what is in many ways a remarkable achievement. Other historical characters and subsidiary episodes are introduced with excellent literary and pictorial effect, but not with much dramatic pertinence or significance, although the characterization is vivid. Dante and Beatrice are all in all, and it is the preeminent merit of this essential but untheatrical drama, that these partly legendary figures have been abstracted, as it were, from the works of the poet himself and made substantial and human without spiritual or intellectual degradation.

The artistic resources of the New Theatre were manifested in a striking way on Monday evening, in the production of Maeterlinck's miracle play, "Sister Beatrice." This, as our readers know, is a work of delicate poetic fancy, and deep devotional feeling, which, in stage representation, would be ruined utterly by ordinary theatrical methods. At the New Theatre every artistic device has been employed, and, on the whole, with marked success, to create an appropriate atmosphere. The musical accompaniments of Max Marshalck are felicitous, and are admirably executed; the convent scene, in its simplicity and noble dimensions, furnishes an impressive background to the action; the costuming is rich and picturesque, and the supernatural incidents are most effectively managed. Moreover, the acting is of that subdued and carefully calculated order which best harmon-

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izes with the spirit of a piece which is itself more or less visionary and unreal. The management was peculiarly fortunate in securing the services of so refined, accomplished, and imaginative an actress as Edith Wynne Matthison to play the parts of the errant nun and the Virgin Mary, who concealed the nun's lapse from virtue by assuming her vacant place. She invested the human character with great womanly charm, and the divine one with a wonderfully dignified and gentle benignancy. It was a delight to watch her free, broad gestures—so natural, so graceful, and so significant—and to listen to the mellow tones of her voice. In the closing scene her portrayal of the physical and spiritual sufferings of the dying prodigal was full of eloquence and pathos, while singularly free from theatrical exaggeration. She was very well supported by Pedro de Cordoba, Mrs. Dellenbaugh, Mr. Ben Johnson, and others. By way of contrast to the spirit of celestial love with which the Maeterlinck piece is irradiated, the management presented certain extracts from the Christmas eve scene between Brand and Agnes, in the fourth act of Ibsen's "Brand." As a sample of the whole play it was quite insignificant, and insufficient, while it was equally futile as an exposition of character. Lee Baker could not suggest the iron fanaticism of Brand, nor could Miss Russell fathom the emotional agonies of Agnes. The novelty of the performance did not compensate for its dulness.

Music.

REVIVAL OF WEBER'S "FREISCHUETZ."

Of the operatic revivals of the season the most interesting is that of Weber's "Der Freischütz," which was heard last Friday at the Metropolitan. That it would be welcomed by many seemed probable in advance, because of the popularity of "Hänsel und Gretel," which indicates that thousands of adults in this town have preserved the faculty of enjoying a fairy tale told with modern music. Weber's opera was sung for the first time in 1821, yet in some respects it is as modern as Humperdinck's. If the composer of "Hänsel und Gretel" profited by Wagner's example, Wagner no less profited by Weber's. Had it not been for the Wolf's Glen scene in the "Freischütz," which made Wagner shudder in his boyhood, it is not at all certain that he would have gone so far as he did in the direction of musical realism, which revolutionized operatic methods. While Wagner is celebrated for his boldness, it took even more courage on the part of Weber to write pages which Tieck called "the most unmusical noise that ever raged on a stage," but which, Beethoven exclaimed, were "the right thing. Wherever the devil puts in his paws, we are sure to feel them."

Before this opera was written, it was taken for granted that all music, though the scene be devilish, must be angelic. The grewsome was tabooed till Weber set to music the midnight scene in the Wolf's Glen, with the monstrous owls and other uncanny sights and sounds, and the circle of human skulls in the midst of which Caspar casts the magic bullets. With this scene musical romanticism was born. For the first time, an orchestra was used deliberately to make sounds that were as uncanny as the scene on the stage. For the first time, also, was an orchestra used for the production of tone colors that were aimed at for their own sake as a means of producing emotional effects. This is one of the main elements of musical romanticism, and from this point of view, again, the "Freischütz" marks the beginning of a new epoch.

A great injustice has been done to Weber by the musical historians and critics. Almost unanimously they give Berlioz credit for innovations that sprang from the genius of Weber. It was Weber's scores that suggested to Berlioz his audacious experiments in orchestration. It was Weber who anticipated Wagner in the artistic use of leading motives long before Berlioz did it. Countless writers have said that the *idée fixe* in Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony" is interesting historically as the first instance in music of what Wagner afterwards termed the "Leitmotiv." As a matter of fact, Berlioz, who was an enthusiastic student of Weber's scores, did not write this symphony till eight years after the production of the "Freischütz," in which there are eleven leading motives recurring in thirty-four places.

The revival of "Der Freischütz" would have served a useful purpose had it been only to provide an opportunity to do justice to Weber. But it was also a treat in itself quite apart from all historic considerations. There is so much simple and heartfelt melody in this opera that Weber was accused of having helped himself to the treasures of German folksongs; but these airs are his own as thoroughly as Grieg's Norwegian songs are his own. Operatic melody is subject to frequent change in style, but Weber's melodies, like Schubert's, are not affected by time, like the fashionable arias of Rossini and Donizetti. Airs like "Leise, leise," "Durch die Wälder," "Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz," and a dozen others in this opera affect the hearer as do the "quotations" in a Shakespearean play.

London has been indulging in an orgy of excitement over Strauss's "Elektra." The newspaper writers, with flamboyant pens, incited the people till, as one observer remarks, "the public seemingly expected Smithfield to be depleted for an endless succession of sacrificial processions, a whole evening of drums lashed with whips, a pile of corpses on the stage—in fact, something made up in equal proportions of Tophet, the shambles, and Bedlam. It is a sign of the times that such things should be done in London in the American manner. The American tail has wagged the British dog in this case with a vengeance, for New York began it; and the attitude does not become the British dog." But it was not the public alone that lost its balance. One of the critics called the production of the opera an event "second only in importance to the memorable occasion when Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung was given for the first time in England."

The Berlin *Tageblatt* reports that Edyth Walker, who acted Elektra in London, was entertained the other day by Strauss, who played for her the first act and part of the second of his new opera, "Tartuffe." She liked it, and said: "It is entirely different from anything ever before done by him. The music is quite easy. There is even a Vienna waltz in it." This fulfils the prediction that Strauss, having reached the limit of orchestral acrobatics, will next astonish the world by writing as simply as Bellini.

Art.

DRAWINGS BY HENRI MATISSE.

It would be well if the visitor to the Photo-Secession could forget that Matisse is the object of a cult, the reputed possessor of strange secrets and philosophies, the regenerator of the torpid art of the age. It would be well to ignore all this and suppose that these are anonymous sketches which the post has brought to Mr. Stieglitz, and which have so warmed his heart that he has asked his friends in to see them.

Matisse conceives the body as a powerful machine working within certain limits of balance. The minute form of the tackles and levers does not signify for him, what counts is the energy expended and the eloquent pauses which reveal the throb of the mechanism. The important thing is that muscles should draw over their bone pulleys, that the thrust of a foreshortened limb should be keenly felt, that all the gestures should fuse in a dynamic pattern. So much for the vision. It differs in no essential respect from that of great draughtsmen of all ages. A Matisse drawing, looked at without prejudice, is no more bizarre than a study of action by Hokusai or Michelangelo. It belongs in the great tradition of all art that has envisaged the human form in terms of energy and counterpoise. Look at any of these drawings, the walking woman so sensitively balanced, the crouching woman, she who averts some attack, she who stands firmly with her leg doubled back sharply on a chair. In the last drawing note how the bulk, and retreat, of an almost invisible calf of the foreshortened leg are indicated by a single powerful stroke that tells of the tension athwart the knee. Such drawing is odd only because it is so fine that much of it there cannot be. The nearest analogies

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to these sketches are those remarkable tempera studies by Tintoretto which have recently been discovered and published in part in the *Burlington Magazine*. In fact, Matisse is akin to all the artists who approach the figure with what Vasari calls *furia*. The Frenchman is a kind of modern Pollaiolo.

His originality lies less in vision than in a strenuous economy of workmanship. He will have the fewest contours and the most expressive, will not shirk any syncopation or exaggeration where he seeks an effect. That his method is really more concise than that of Michelangelo may be doubted. Hokusai's is certainly more direct and simple and equally potent. A calculated roughness, which occasionally disguises itself as the queer linear slackness with which Rodin has familiarized us, brings Matisse's manner very close to that of the aboriginal designers who scratched animal forms on bones in time prehistoric, or only yesterday adorned with admirable animal paintings the caves of the South African veldt. These savage masterpieces show the same keen sense for balance and significant action. Matisse is reputed to have individual and novel theories about counterpoise, correlation of gesture, etc. It may be so, but these drawings merely suggest a fresh attitude toward the model, and a desire for unhackneyed poses. That some doctrine may be involved is suggested in those caricatures in which he bloats and distorts the figure, evolving a grotesquely expressive pattern out of a pose that already grazes the impossible. The ingenuity of such studies will escape any but a trained eye. Perhaps, he is experimenting to ascertain the bounds of the physically possible and pictorially credible. It would be like the eminently intelligent and experimental nature of the man to do so.

There is one question which a plain man might very properly ask, namely: "Is this all there is of it, or is it a preparation for something else?" To us these drawings have a painful, we trust a misleading, air of finality. The few compositions represented in chalks or photography are merely extensions of the single figure or quite commonplace calligraphies. It is possible that Matisse will always be making these magnificent studies. The present exhibition gives small hint of constructive imagination. If so he will merely take his place with other geniuses who have sacrificed themselves in the passionate invention of processes. Pollaiola and Hokusai, to a considerable extent, represent this inability to organize a complicated whole. Meanwhile one is grateful for so much. It is no small gift to have one's vision toned up to this strenuously controlled enthusiasm for the human mechanism. The effect of this work upon modern art can only be beneficial. Matisse as painter is almost unknown to the present writer, who suspects that there individual and arbitrary caprice may be masking as genial invention. As for these drawings, there is no manner of doubt. They are in the high tradition of fine draughtsmanship of the figure. If, on sufficient acquaintance, they still seem merely eccentric to any one, let him rest assured that the lack of centrality is not with them, but with himself.

"The Lives of the British Architects from William of Wykeham to Sir William Chambers," by E. Beresford Chancellor, is a routine bit of bookmaking for which the justification is not quite obvious. Since the biographical material is perfectly accessible a compilation of this sort should offer either felicity in presentation or acuteness in criticism. These qualities are absent in the present case. The author is too frequently on the level indicated by his comment on the apparent lowness of the Radcliffe Library. This, he remarks, "is only an effect, as the building is really of considerable height." The shade of James Gibbs will hardly rejoice in such an apology. Architecturally, buildings are as squat as they seem to be. This book is included in the Duckworth's red-covered series (imported by Scribner), and is well illustrated.

The new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, containing the Hoentschel collection of decorative art, the Bolles collection of American furniture, ceramics, textiles, and the Whistler loan exhibition, was opened last week. This important new feature of the Museum will be reviewed in due course.

The spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open at the Fine Arts building in Fifty-seventh Street. Next week we shall review the pictures at length. The prizes have been awarded as follows: The Clarke prize for figures, Frederick A. Waugh; Inness gold medal for landscape, J. Francis Murphy; first Hallgarten prize, for painting by men under thirty-five years, Gifford Beal; second Hallgarten prize, Louis D. Vaillant; third Hallgarten prize, Charles Rosen; Saltus prize, for the most meritorious picture, Douglas Volk; Julius Shaw memorial prize, Miss Susan Watkins.

Finance.

LIGHT ON A FAMOUS EPISODE.

In the case of sensational and abnormal episodes, whether in politics, in war, or in finance, it will sometimes be many years after the event before its actual causes are understood. The general conditions which made possible the phenomena in question will have been analyzed clearly enough by the critics, but it is not always possible for the shrewdest critics to determine why those conditions operated exactly as they did. Not infrequently, personal considerations and accidental influences settle that part of the question, and in many episodes of the sort, it is only when some active participant tells his story publicly—in interview, testimony, or posthumous memoirs—that the world learns the whole truth.

Otto Kahn's story of the railway struggle of 1901, told at the Government's Union Pacific hearing last week, was a narrative of this sort. Economic criticism long ago made plain what were the general causes underlying the situation of that period—immense expansion in national wealth, drift towards consolidation of great companies, easy credit at the banks, and omnivorous appetite of both the speculative public and the investing public. All this was more or less dimly recognized, even in 1900; but general opinion held that industrial amalgamation was to be, as in 1899, the order of the day. The billion-dollar steel merger was in incubation; other great manufacturing combinations were known to be under discussion, and we had already learned from the events of 1899 that, when movements of this sort were absorbing capital on the grand scale, railway finance had to stand rather quietly in abeyance. Just before the Presidential election of 1900, no less an oracle than James R. Keene gave out the prediction that the stock market would break if McKinley were elected, and would only break more severely in case of Bryan's victory.

What happened, to change the history of 1901 into a continuous campaign in the grand strategy of the railways and a riotous Stock Exchange speculation? Mr. Kahn told the connected story. The episode really hinged on the death of Collis P. Huntington, in August, 1900. Harriman wanted the Central Pacific Railroad, so as to give the Union Pacific a direct east-and-west line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast. Huntington's Southern Pacific controlled the Central Pacific through an iron-clad ninety-year lease, dating from 1894. Huntington refused to sell it to Harriman; probably, indeed, even Huntington could not have broken the lease. Mr. Kahn, himself a Union Pacific director at the time, testified that his company distinctly did not wish to buy the whole Southern Pacific system. That system, in his words, "was considered an obstacle and a deterring feature, because we did not care for the Sunset Route."

But Huntington died in August; his estate was known to be in the market with its Southern Pacific holdings; the Gould family and other interests had appeared as possible bidders. Had they bought, the Central Pacific also would have fallen into possibly hostile hands, and Harriman's Union Pacific might have found itself deprived even of the favorable terms regarding San Francisco traffic which it had previously enjoyed. Six months of this uncertainty brought matters to a head, and in February, 1901, $100,000,000 in convertible Union Pacific bonds was authorized to

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provide the purchase money. Only $40,000,000 was needed for the Southern Pacific purchase; Harriman fixed the larger amount "because he invariably asked for authority for a larger issue of securities than were immediately needed."

The next incident narrated by Mr. Kahn touched better-known history. Substantial control of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, an important connection and competitor of the Union Pacific system, had been offered to Harriman by the Burlington insiders, as far back as the beginning of 1900. The terms were not satisfactory, but negotiations continued throughout the year. Not until late in 1900 did Mr. Hill appear upon the scene; in March, 1901, it was announced that he had bought the road for the Northern Pacific and Great Northern. "Prior to that, the idea of buying Northern Pacific had never been in our minds or been mentioned between us." The Harriman party had had an opportunity before 1900 to buy control of another transcontinental road, the Atchison, and had refused because of unwillingness to undertake the reorganization. In 1901, the Rock Island was offered to Harriman by the inside interests, and he wished to buy it; but his bankers overruled him, on the ground that the work of administration would be too great for him. But it was Mr. Schiff, Kahn's senior partner, who notified his junior, at the end of February, 1901, that, "having exhausted all efforts . . . to be allotted a share in that [Burlington] purchase, . . . there was nothing to do but to bring about by indirection that which we had failed to bring about directly," and that this "could only be brought about by our purchasing a control of the Northern Pacific."

What followed, everybody knows—competing bids, by the "Morgan interest" and by the "Harriman interest," for the outstanding Northern Pacific shares, possession of which was needed to control; the wildest "bull market" in our history; the most remarkable corner ever known in a railway stock; a Stock Exchange panic day comparable only to Black Friday, and a year or more in which promoters and speculators were cruising about to buy up other railways on a margin and threaten rival interests until the ransom price was paid. The sequence of events is clear enough. But Mr. Kahn's review of the episode suggests one question of high historical interest. Did our great capitalists, as the world at large supposes, lay their plans carefully, long before, for their spectacular achievements of 1901, or was the whole chapter of events a series of impulsive adventures, on the inspiration of the moment?

Mr. Kahn's narrative certainly points towards the second conclusion. The suddenness with which these various enterprises were conceived no doubt explains why Mr. Keene and others, a month or two earlier, misread the future of 1901. Perhaps, also, the ease with which these Napoleonic projects, undertaken on the impulse of the day and in instantaneous response to a change in circumstances, managed to command the money market's support, explains why things were done which no banker in his senses would have dreamed of attempting, half a dozen years before. It is, in fact, not even true that a critical emergency forced these successive ventures; the Burlington itself, over which the great battle

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was fought in the stock markets of 1901, remains to-day in exactly the hands that controlled it when Mr. Schiff sent his ultimatum, and no disaster to any one seems to have followed. Possibly, also, the readiness of banks and investors, in 1901, to facilitate these immensely expensive contests, also explains why most of the chief participants in the exploits of 1901 came to lose their own poise and judgment utterly, not so very long afterward, and to trust implicitly in the safety and certainty of carrying out all their other sudden inspirations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, P. S. Herein: First German Readings. Holt. 40 cents.
Andrews, M. R. S. The Lifted Bandage. Scribner. 50 cents.
Arctander, J. W. Guilty? Cochrane Pub. Co.
Austin, A. The Bridling of Pegasus: Prose Papers on Poetry. Macmillan. $2.40 net.
Bacon, P. V. Im Vaterland. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Bandelier, A. F. The Islands of Titicaca and Koati. Hispanic Society of America. $5.
Bardon Papers: Documents relating to the imprisonment and trial of Mary Queen of Scots. Edited for the Royal Historical Society by C. Read. Vol. XVII. London: Offices of the Society.
Bawden, H. H. The Principles of Pragmatism. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Beecroft, W. I. Who's Who Among the Ferns. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Benson, E. F. The Fascinating Mrs. Halton. Doubleday, Page. $1.20.
Berkeley, F. C. A College Course in Writing from Models. Holt. $1.25.
Blum, E. C. Robert Emmet's Wooing. Cochrane Publishing Co.
Bode, B. H. An Outline of Logic. Holt. $1.
Book of Easter. With an intro. by the Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Breckenridge, R. M. The History of Banking in Canada. Senate Document 332. Washington.
Briggs, O. The Fir and the Palm. Scribner. $1.50.
Brown, K. H. The Messenger. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Campbell, A. B. The Sacrifice. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Carey, W. Love, the Judge. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Carlyle, R. W. and A. J. A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. Vol. II. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. VII. Gregory-Infallibility. Robert Appleton & Co.
Chesneau, M. G. Theoretical Principles of The Method of Analyical Chemistry. Trans. by A. T. Lincoln and D. H. Carnahan. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Claretie's Pierrille. Edited with notes, etc., by H. A. Smith and C. Zdanowicz. Holt. 40 cents.
Compton-Rickett, J. Origins and Faith. Revell.
Confessions of a Clergyman. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Craufurd, A. H. The Religion of H. G. Wells and other Essays. London: Fisher Unwin.
Dean, S. A Disciple of Chance. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Vols. III and IV. Cleveland, O.: A. H. Clark Co. $50 net per set of 10 vols.
Evans, R. D. An Admiral's Log. Appleton. $2 net.
Fite, E. D. Social and Industrial Conditions in the North During the Civil War. Macmillan. $2 net.
Franklin, B. Autobiography. Compiled and edited, with notes, by J. Bigelow. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Grenfell, W. G. What Life Means to Me. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Hasse, A. R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States. Kentucky, 1792-1904.
Higgins, M. M. Little Gardens for Boys and Girls. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.10 net.
Hill, F. S. The Romance of the American Navy. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Hinman, L. Green Leaves from Life's Garden. Boston: R. G. Badger.
Hitchcock, A. M. Theme-Book in English Composition. Holt. 50 cents.
Holdich, T. The Gates of India: Being an Historical Narrative. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Houllevigue, L. The Evolution of the Sciences: Translated from the French. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.
Howe, F. C. Privilege and Democracy in America. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Hutchinson, W. The Conquest of Consumption. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Jamieson, G. A. In the Shadow of God. Fenno & Co. $1 net.
Jessup, H. H. Fifty-three Years in Syria. 2 vols. Revell. $5 net.
Kenilworth, W. W. Psychic Control Through Self-Knowledge. Fenno & Co. $2.
Kingsley, F. M. Those Brewster Children. Dodd, Mead. $1.
Law, F. H. Ad Miriam. Putnam.
Livingston, E. B. The Livingstons of Livingston Manor. "Clermont," Tivoli P. O., N. Y.: J. H. Livingston. $10.
Macaulay's essays on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. Edited, with notes, etc., by C. Beare. Merrill Co. 40 cents.
MacCallum, M. W. Shakespeare's Roman Plays. Macmillan. $3 net.
Marcosson, I. F. The Autobiography of a Clown. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Matthews, B. A Study of the Drama. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Meakin, F. Function, Feeling, and Conduct. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Michelson, M. The Awakening of Zojas. Doubleday, Page. $1.
Mineral Resources of the United States. 1908. U. S. Geological Survey. Parts I and II. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Montague, C. E. A Hint Let Loose. London: Methuen.
Morgan, M. H. Addresses and Essays. American Book Co. $1.50.
Nolen, J. Replanning Reading (Pa.). Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Co.
Petrarch's Letters to Classical Authors. Trans. from the Latin by M. E. Cosenza. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.
Phillpotts, E. The Thief of Virtue. Lane Co. $1.50.
Reid, D. C. Effective Industrial Reform. Stockbridge, Mass.: Rev. D. C. Reid.
Rice, C. Y. Many Gods. Doubleday, Page.
Richardson, B. J. The Woman Who Spends: A Study of Her Economic Function. Second edition, revised. Boston: Whitcomb & Barrow. $1 net.
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